THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS

I.	**The True Failure of the Turk.** *By G. K. Chesterton.*	BRITISH REVIEW	67
II.	**John Milton.** *By Henry Newbolt.*	ENGLISH REVIEW	73
III.	**The Strength of the Hills.** Chapter V. The Third Legacy. *By Halliwell Sutcliffe.* (To be continued.)	TIMES	85
IV.	**The Medicine of Dickens.** *By S. Squire Sprigge, M.D.*	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	94
V.	**Public Opinion and War.** *By W. Leighton Grane.*	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	101
VI.	**Ma Mè.** *By Sir Charles Crosthwaite K.C.S.I.*	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	107
VII.	**The Lake.**	PUNCH	115
VIII.	**The Legitimate Limits of the Joke.**	SPECTATOR	116
IX.	**Brazil and the United States.**	ECONOMIST	119
X.	**At Sanchidrian.** *By R. B. Cunninghame Graham.*	SATURDAY REVIEW	120

A PAGE OF VERSE

XI.	**Cargoes.** *By John Masefield.*		66
XII.	**A Lullaby.** *By Richard Middleton.*		66
XIII.	**The Land of the Young.** *By G. Wallace.*	NEW WITNESS	66
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		125

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CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield.

A LULLABY.

Ah, little one, you're tired of play,
Sleep's fingers rest upon your brow;
You've been a woman all the day,
You'd be a baby now;
Oh baby, my baby,
You'd be a baby now.

Perhaps you had forgotten me,
Because the daisies were so white.
But now you come to mother's knee,
My little babe to-night;
Oh baby, my baby,
My baby every night.

To-morrow, when the sun's awake,
You'll seek your flowery fields again.
But night shall fall, and for my sake,
You'll be a baby then;
Oh baby, my baby,
My little baby then.

And you'll grow big, and love will call;
Happen you'll leave me for your man;
And night-times when the shadows fall,
I'll greet as mothers can;
Oh baby, my baby,
As only mothers can.

And now, my little heart of May,
Lie closely, sleep is on your brow;
You've been a woman all the day,
You'd be my baby now;
Oh baby, my baby's
My little baby now.

Richard Middleton.

THE LAND OF THE YOUNG.

Hitherward far to the west where the blood-reddened portals
Glow at the solemn approach of the slow-setting sun,
Rudderless, sailless, the barque ever speeds through the gloaming,
Bearing the spirits of heroes whose labors are done.

Oarless, the barque without sail, without sheet, without steersman,
Driven by fate to her mark on the rim of the world,
Breasting the hate of the waves and the wind's stark resistance,
Held by strong spells from the scaurs in her path demon-hurled.

Fearless the souls of the brave though the shadows be looming;
They will not dread for the gloom who have feared not to die.
Menacing tumults of waters and seas may not gulf them—
They who are dead yet shall live, and their joy shall be high.

High is the song that shall rise when the deep shell is brimming,
Gladness shall leap in the eyes of the warrior braves,
Laughter shall swell to a gale and shall ring through the heavens—
Echoes will cling round the cairns on the newly-made graves.

G. Wallace.

The New Witness.

THE TRUE FAILURE OF THE TURK.

That huge and hundredfold pressure of popular speech and legend, which is behind us all, has nowadays to break through narrower and more oligarchic channels than perhaps ever before; but it is still the best guide to good sense. Proverbs are nearly always more true than they look. No man, for instance, until he has a dog of his own, knows how true are the old phrases about "a dog in the manger" or "let sleeping dogs lie." But the echo of such ancient popular phrases is especially valuable in the case of ancient words whose meaning is not disputed; such as the word "Christian." We know that Nietzsche said there was only one Christian and He was crucified; and some of the Higher Critics seem to have little with which to improve on it, except by suggesting that perhaps He wasn't. The situation really turns the Christians into a new sect: with new dogmas hitherto unknown to Christendom. In about half the British Press to-day the word Christian clearly has a sense quite vivid to those who so use it; but which those with other sympathies could only translate as something between "Cosmopolitan" and "Meliorist"; with a touch of "Quaker." It is almost taken for granted that it was a water-drinker who turned water into wine; and an enemy of all smiting who smote on the very steps of the Temple. Now, if, turning from the use of the word by aristocrats like Tolstoy or capitalists like the Quakers, we ask ourselves how the word "Christian" is used by old tradition among apple-women or charwomen or draymen or dustmen, we shall find something that would surprise the eccentrics very much. We shall find the democracy using the word "Christian" in a sense which we can only say is something between "sane" and "civilized." "Where can I get Christian food?" or "When I get among Christian folk" are common in all the old popular talk and tales, in no way concerned with religion. There was indeed in all Christianity an element of the democratic; but in this aspect it was not individualistic; nor even revolutionary. It was rather a feeling of a sort of respectable egalitarianism; that everybody ought to treat himself as like everyone else; and not have the impudence to love himself otherwise than as he loved his neighbor. Shakespeare had been called anti-democratic, because, like nearly all the European poets of all ages, he did one or two rhetorical exercises on the old theme of the *odi profanum*. But the conversations of his clowns contain some of the most vivid traces of the wit and vitality of the popular Christian tradition. And in so far as it was a tradition of equality, it was faultlessly phrased by the Gravedigger. "And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even-Christian." I do not think it was quite accidental that Shakespeare put in that grim qualification "in this world." But the broad fact is that the word "Christian" is generally used by the populace in a sense even more apparently remote from religious definition than this; and commonly signifies that which is human, normal, social and self-respecting. Thus the modern idealist, having put away war and wine, will wear peasant clothes in imitation of Tolstoy and part his hair in imitation of Christ, and walk shining with Christian democracy; and

the democracy will look at him and say, "Why can't he dress like a Christian?"

Now just as I believe in putting this sort of preliminary popular test to the significance of the "Christian," I should put a similar preliminary popular test to the significance of the word "Turk." What does common language and quotation suggest that our fathers felt about a Turk; in the sense that they felt "Christian" to mean the civilization in which they were equally recognized and were at home? If you had said to any fairly typical Englishman at any time, from Robin Hood to Thomas Hood, "I want to introduce you to a Turk," what would have been the image in his mind? Or how far can the outlines of such an image be faintly traced from words that are really widely scattered among men?

It is clear, I think, that the first note was struck right, the identification of the people with their faith. I might rest this on the old ballads, in which the Turkish Knight is represented as worshipping Mahound, with a rabid regularity and consistency by no means emerging so clearly in the Christianity of his opponent. In some of the longer ballad epics of the Dark Ages, I think, Mahound melted into a combination of Apollo and Apollyon calculated to make the mythological brain reel. But all these popular errors are no longer popular. A better instance can be found in the passage in the English Prayer Book, where the name of Mahomet occurs in none of its forms (not even, the emancipated will be annoyed to hear, in the Calendar of Saints) but where strictly spiritual errors are summed up under the heads of "Jews, Turks, Infidels and Hereticks." In cold Theology, I conceive, all could have been covered by saying "Infidels and Hereticks." But two of the most powerful and picturesque realities this world has ever seen forced themselves like wedges between the other words of the sentence. The Jews were the absorbing problem inside Christendom. The Turks were the absorbing problem outside Christendom. The first problem was economic; the second was military. But it is most certainly a tribute to two great religions that they had to be specially mentioned in a definition which would, logically speaking, have covered them completely. This at least is clear about our fathers when they talked about Turks; they knew there was another great religion in the world.

The next idea about the Turk that emerges everywhere in popular expression, is the idea of his despotism. The eighteenth century contained many crowned heads in Europe who were absolute in every apparent sense. Many of them were absolute in an absolute sense; I mean in that awful sense that the King denies all invisible power above him, as well as all visible power below. The atheist Emperor of Austria, the atheist Empress of Russia, the atheist King of Prussia were all sovereigns who, in the most literal and logical sense of the words, neither feared God nor regarded man. They believed in Undivine Right; which sits on a higher throne than Divine Right. And yet throughout this period of rationalist autocracy we have abundance of proof that the Turk was felt to be absolute and irresponsible in a sense utterly beyond the European. Phrases like "As despotic as the Grand Turk" or "We might as well be living under the Grand Turk" are thickly scattered over the whole of that period when Europe itself was ruled by all that Europeans have ever experienced as despotism. Right or wrong, the popular idea plainly was that in the West the rulers could make a scourge out of wild and woodland rods. But

that you had to live in the East to make the whip out of scorpions. There went along with this, in popular language, a strong impression that the Turk was not fierce, but ferocious. Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Spaniards, Irishmen were all very fierce on occasion. Even Englishmen were fierce on occasion. But through a thousand legends and links of tradition, there lingers the idea that the Turk was really terrible and atrocious. The more flippant the examples, the more obvious it is that the mind was full of the fact. When it says in that splendid ballad of "Sally in our Alley,"

"My master comes like any Turk
And bangs me most severely,"

it is quite clear that the balladist attributed to the Turk a disproportion in the habit of human banging quite beyond the Christian limits of that duty or pleasure. And when Thomas Hood, perhaps a hundred years after, instinctively uses the phrase

"And O to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,"

he concedes the main point; which is the barbarism. Broadly, our fathers certainly felt the Turk as something destructive, obstreperous and unmanageable. Indeed, nurses used to talk about "young Turks" long before the phrase began to be used as a description of aged Jews.

I do not profess at this point to have proved anything, except that a certain suspicion of one society was very widely distributed through another, and crops up, after centuries, in the strangest way. That suspicion was doubtless one-sided; but it was not sectional. The East was East and the West was West; but it was the whole democracy of the West. One half of the world did not know how the other half lived: but the half was a whole half. And the impression left upon thousands of millions, rich and poor, seems to have roughly amounted to these three things: that a Turk was a man with a strange religion; that a Turk was arbitrary beyond the common sin of kings, and that a Turk was uncivilized. That is as much of the popular tradition as we can get. And I incline to think that it is as much of the truth as we can get. In short, I would propose to maintain the following very unfashionable opinions. First, that the Turk has ultimately failed because his religion is false. Second, that he has failed because his politics were Imperial. And third, that he has failed because Imperialism is not only in its nature uncivilized, but in its nature uncivilizable.

The Great Powers, the great newspapers, the great capitalists who can control both, who can control everything on earth except a man with moderate courage, have been talking for some time past about the carnage in the Balkans. They are rather inclined to take up the argument that as much blood has been shed by Servians fighting Bulgars as was shed by Turks massacring Armenians. The fundamental answer is that bloodshed has not been the crime of the Turk. Nay, if anything, it has been his plea in mitigation. There is an equally fundamental answer for any one with a sense of dignity and delicacy: that the most bestial battle is mutual; while the mildest massacre is not mutual. But the vital matter is the mistake about the true failure of Turkey. The Turks were always courageous and cruel; and it is in no sense outside experimental human psychology that their rivals should sometimes be equally cruel, now they have had the sense to be equally courageous. The existence of courage gives us no reason at root for retaining the Turk. The existence of cruelty gives us no reason at root for deserting either the Bulgar or the Serb. The whole differ-

ence lies much deeper, and whether the modern world likes it or not, it is a difference of religion.

The Christian enthusiasts who said Mahomet was Antichrist were not narrow or irrational. Nor were they doing the great Prophet any moral wrong. It was always a part of the true legend of Antichrist that he should shine with all the heathen virtues; and especially the most austere ones. But the vital respect in which Mahomet may really be taken as a sort of type of Antichrist is this: that his whole faith is founded on a furious denial of the idea of Incarnation. This is the key to the Turk everywhere and in everything. For this reason, he goes to war with statues and slays them like living foes. For this reason, with all his early culture in mathematics and medicine, he would sometimes, like the Caliph Omar, fly into a mystical passion and utter in flame his fury even against books. For this reason he will have no human or animal form in his most ornate and instructed designs. The flames that wreathed themselves roaring around the Library of Alexandria only spoke aloud the same word of woe and denunciation which is said as clearly by the arabesques and traceries that wreath themselves in silence on any quiet curtain or sunny wall. The thing that is really at the back of all Turkey's massacres can be seen by staring at a Turkey carpet. It is this, again, that makes the literature of such civilizations so much better in a decorative sense than it is in a realistic sense. The *Arabian Nights* is probably the best novel in the world, if we are asking for stories. It is probably the worst novel in the world, if we are asking for people. The whole of those thousand and one nights might almost have been read by Scheherazade from the complex yet featureless scrap of carpet on which she sat to tell them. The faces of the heartless princesses and the veiled, incalculable kings, are like the half-human faces the eye can find in a wall-paper. The whole masterpiece is like a masterpiece of oriental embroidery; glorious with all God's colors, intricate with all man's crafts, as melodious as music, as strategic as chess; and as inhuman as the howling deserts out of which its spirit came.

Lastly, it is this that has prevented the Turk from being a ruler as well as a conqueror of men; it is this much more than his cruelties. That which he would call his hatred of Idolatry, that which I call his horror and fear of Incarnation, forbids him to fix even his lesser affections frequently upon sacred images, sacred arts, sacred individuals. Of necessity, therefore, it makes him colder than other men to the idea of sacred stones and of sacred soils. Hence his grasp has always slipped on the great fundamental fact of all political order or fellowship, and the rational root of government. For that fundamental fact is Land; the good red earth of which we men were made.

The true comparison between the Turks and, let us say, the Servians is not to be found by counting heads when they are broken or noses when they are cut off; especially among armed populaces inflamed by centuries of shame and terror. The fundamental fact to start with is that the Servians care about Servia; the Turk does not care about Turkey. At the most he cares about being a Turk. And even that, of course, can be more correctly stated by saying that he cares about being a Moslem or true believer. The quarrel is incurably a religious one, not only because his creed differs from our creed, but because he differs from us in having nothing else but a creed. It is the essence of the Incarnation idea that it

belives in Relics; in bodily and materialistic modes of grace; and among others the mode of locality and landscape. It is not a mere coincidence that the Crusades, the revolutions against Islam which shook but never broke it, were not merely for the imposition of a system, but for the recovery of a site. The sense of the sanctity of Land was crystallized in the conception of a Holy Land. And this sense of the local genius and the local shrine shines through all the shifting ambitions of the Middle Ages and softens the strangest usurpations with a certain magic of nationality. Charlemagne was a Frenchman before there was any France; a hundred German Professors have died in agonies, trying to get us all to call him Karl. Alfred would not or could not make Wessex England. But he made Wessex English. Robert Bruce was not, in the modern sense, a Scotchman at all. But though he was not a Scotchman, he was a Scotch patriot. He felt in his big bones all those generations of narrow and noble nationalists who were to brag of his name. William the Conqueror slipped often enough in the slime and blood of the earlier and more brutal Middle Ages, as he slipped on the shore of Sussex when he landed from his ship. But he had this instinct of this sacrament of the soil; for he arose with his hands full of earth; and said that it was his land. That is why his monarchy struck root as an English oak; and in a little time had forgotten France. But when the Turk has re-arisen in his many splendid resurrections, there never was anything that stuck to his hands but blood.

Doubtless all such generalizations are subject to exceptions; but to those slender exceptions which really prove the rule. No part of humanity is wholly inhuman on any point, even a point in which it does not specialize. There are Jewish prize-fighters; there are Prussian humorists; there are English rebels. The Moslem civilizations yield here and there to the human temptation of having holy cities and special places for prayer; but it is not, as compared with other religions, the special character of the religion. The religion as a religion is rather one which drives men forth to newer and newer lands; so that nation after nation flies back behind their horse hoofs. The wonderful work they have done in history has always been a work of external conquest; never a work of reconstruction or return. In moments wholly devoted to religion (which is itself a desire for the home of the human heart), in sacred matters such as death, the Moslem remembered as all men remember, the things from which he came. But this never altered the external nature of his imperial and insatiable policy. His dead face was turned dutifully towards Mecca. But his face alive was always turned towards Vienna.

I suppose it is a mere fancy to observe that the bird called the eagle is the symbol of Imperialism. But in spite of the just and splendid associations of that symbol, I cannot prevent myself from having a secret pleasure in the fact that there has never been an eagle on the English shield. Leopards or lions (for there seems to be some dispute about which they are), at least walk about like men and cattle; and therefore must have some vague environment which may loosely be called their country. But the eagle can claim only two things; a barren crag and the whole world. I do not want either of them. Islam reminds me very much of an eagle. At its best it is free and proud in the purity of the heavens. At its worst it is a thief and a robber and a murderer from the

beginning. But whether in good or evil, the eagle knows nothing of the earth. So the Turk knows nothing of the earth; he knows no more of the land on which he descends than one of the earliest balloonists. He fails in the first talent of a successful invader. He cannot let himself be conquered by a conquered country. He can be of no use in a farmyard; because eagles lay no eggs that are useful to anybody but themselves. The Turks cannot put the eagle on their flag, because of the veto on all animal form of which I have spoken; and not being allowed the hooked-beaked bird that rides the heavens, they have chosen the moon that rides the heavens, at its very sharpest and hookiest. But I always thought of Turkish rule as a still swarm of predatory birds, spread over a whole landscape; and so still that they might be mistaken for the leaves on the trees. But they will vanish and the trees will remain. In short, the Turk is nomadic in the true sense; not so much in going everywhere as in coming from nowhere. He had to have an Empire because he had not got a country.

And in this respect his Imperialism has failed so as to be a warning to all Imperialism. The vital error in Imperialism is this; that it cannot make up its mind between two inconsistent ideas; the solidification of a nationality and the triumph of an imperial people. The ancient Romans made the Gauls Roman citizens. The more modern Americans made the Africans American slaves. But an "Empire" always attempts to fuse the conquered man, and still make him feel inferior; to ask him to die for a nationality he may not claim. We have made this mistake, in its most ghastly form, in Ireland. The French Republic may have told the Breton to leave off being a Breton; but it told him to be, and call himself, a Frenchman. We have told the Irishman to leave off being an Irishman; but we never had the moral courage to let him call himself an Englishman. As matters stood for something like two hundred years, the Irishman was a liar when he called himself English; and a traitor when he called himself Irish. The central sin and weakness of Imperialism is not making everybody alike, spreading a flat and vulgar similarity; as in the first and most instinctive criticism of it. The sin and weakness of Imperialism is that the Imperialist seeks to spread the similarity to others, and yet retain the superiority to himself. And it weakens in the inmost parts; as do all things that go against the reason in God and man.

This is, of course, exhibited in the gigantic parody of Imperialism by which we have been warned in the Turk. He wanted all his subject peoples to belong to him altogether; he had not the slightest aspiration to belong to them at all. He wanted to wear the great Black Mountain like an eastern cap; and the great Greek Islands like the fringe of an eastern robe. But he wanted every one to remember that the body is more than raiment, and the Turk more than his subjects. He was so satisfied with being a Turk that he never made any Turkey. When, in his heroic retreat, he barred himself behind the gates of Constantinople, he had taken refuge in a foreign city. For the Imperialist is an alien everywhere. Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark; cursed, because he removes his own.

And thirdly, the root error of all such Imperialism lies in the fact that Hood and a hundred Christian writers earlier had caught: that the Turk, good or bad, is to this day "the barbarous Turk." He had the blind, unbroken, one-sided vanity of the savage or the spoilt child; "Cedar of Lebanon,

that God hath not broken," as Matthew Arnold's hero said of a similar oligarch. At the bottom of all such superior and (as I should say) Satanic visions of empire, there is an idea that is babyish and half-witted; which I can only call the non-reciprocal idea. I kill you; but you do not kill me. Your property is mine, because all goods are held in common. My property is not yours, because my father gave it me. Whenever you smell the savor and presence of that position, you are justified, quite literally, in calling it half-witted. For it is really using only one lobe of the brain; it is really reading only one-half of the equation. It produces on a civilized and responsible mind much the same effect that is produced by listening to a friend talking on the telephone. It brutally bisects the human brain. And it is because all pride reposes on that loss of reciprocity (I do not care whether you call it equality or not) that pride is a mental weakness; it is because all Imperialism reposes on pride, that Imperialism is a national weakness. It does not matter much whether a nation is large or small, so long as its citizens are citizens of the same size, and the nation has some boundaries somewhere.

I think it is an injustice to the Turks to call them unprogressive. I think they have always believed in progress—especially progress westwards. I think they have always sought progress: their own progress. Their very symbol is a symbol of progress; the Crescent; the growing thing. But they swore by the moon, the inconstant moon. And the waxing crescent did what progressive things always do. It waned.

G. K. Chesterton.

The British Review.

JOHN MILTON.

It may be thought that enough has been written upon Milton, that the impulse to add one more stone to the immense cairn of criticism which has been piled up during these last two centuries could only spring from self-conceit or ignorance. Such an objection would, I think, be removed by a reconsideration of the nature of criticism and of poetry itself. A piece of criticism may be a work of art; it may have in a high degree the power of expressing the feeling of the writer and communicating it to those who read; in that case it will possess an independent and possibly a lasting value. But as a verdict or judgment it can have no finality; criticism, in this sense, is for an age, not for all time. It has been said that every generation needs its own translation of Homer, and the reason is evident. The language of our ancestors, even of our less remote ancestors, is for all finer purposes a foreign language to us, and to view the world of Homer in such a medium would be to see it through two veils instead of one. Still more necessary is it that *criticism* should speak to us in our own tongue; so only can we arrive at our own understanding of the poets and make our own estimate of them. Moreover, we cannot rely here on tradition: what we seek in poetry is not to be got at second-hand or by inheritance—if we cannot hear with our own ears, it matters little what our fathers have declared unto us. Milton, a name to resound for ages, may be an item in the index of history or the roll of national pride, but if he is only a

name, if his greatness is only to be taken on trust, he is no longer part of our poetical life.

We may go further: we may say that not only does the feeling, the taste, the point of view of one generation differ inevitably from that of another, but the very subjects of criticism are themselves changed with the passing of time. The poem which we read to-day may no longer be the same in substance as that which our predecessors read under the same title, for we do not inhabit the same world with them. What to them were facts, solid facts of earth, are to us fairy-tales; and many of our facts would have been fairy-tales to them. It was possible for Addison to remark that *Paradise Lost*, by the nature of its subject, has the advantage of every other poem in being universally and perpetually interesting; because, he says, "all mankind will through all ages bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves." It was possible, less than forty years ago, for this saying still to be quoted with approval. But to a generation which does not number Adam and Eve among its ancestors, or derive from their story any of its ideas of good and evil, the poem, if it is to be interesting, must have some interest more deserving of the epithet "perpetual." For us the very word itself is no longer the right word; the immortality of great poetry is not an unbroken, constant, changeless state of being. It is rather a life incessantly renewed, a spirit incessantly revealed under fresh aspects, a dawn which can never be twice the same because it brings every day new fire to a new world of human feeling.

We may be said, then, to be looking to-day upon a Milton whom no one has yet seen, and we must be careful to look with clear eyes and unspoiled sensibility. Moreover, we must limit the range of our inquiry. The poems before us are no doubt part of our national inheritance; they are works of world-wide fame; they derive their form from great literary ancestors like Homer, Euripides, and Virgil, and some of their minor features from more recent ones such as Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cowley: they occupy an important place in the evolution of English verse; they contain a great argument or theological system, displayed with infinite skill of craftsmanship, and they illustrate a code of morals at once rigid and rebellious. Finally, they are a mass of learning and information, and upon them has been heaped up a still greater mass of the same, whether in the shape of controversy, commentary, or word by word annotation. But all these aspects are merely incidental, and with them we have very little concern. They may call for a moment's attention now and again, when we cannot avoid seeing them from the direct line of our search. The search itself has but one object—to discover John Milton in his poetry, to share with him the native land of his spirit, and to follow him into the vast solitude which he created for his own torment. The scene we are to witness is unsurpassed for beauty and for sadness: it is the deepest tragedy in the Book of the Poets—the tragedy of a lost Paradise.

It has been held by some, and denied by others, that a man's poetical work should be or could be independent of the events of his life. Commonly enough, while a poet is still living the public know little of him beyond his books, and what they do know is apt to seem irrelevant or incomplete. The ascertainable facts are not all recorded in the poems—it was difficult to trace a connection between Keats' study of surgery and the pro-

duction of *Endymion*. On the other hand, the poetical record may exist and the fact remain concealed—no inquiry has yet determined what event in Byron's life was the cause of Manfred's remorse. We may, I think, solve the difficulty by giving a wider meaning to the word "event." It is certain that what makes the poet's life makes his poetry. An event is not necessarily something visible to the outside observer, nor even something definitely and immediately present to a man's own consciousness. The rise of an emotion may be as imperceptible as the rise of the tide. Yet the thing has happened: the change has passed upon the soul, has perhaps even left a mark upon the shore of Time. In Milton's life there were no doubt events of both kinds, the visible and the invisible, but for the most part the connection between the outward and the inner life is traceable with unusual clearness.

John Milton was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on December 9th, 1608. His father, who was a prosperous scrivener, and a man of good family and education, was proud of him, and gave him as soon as possible every chance of overworking himself. From the age of twelve the boy read the classics regularly until midnight, to the lasting injury of his eyes. At fifteen he went to St. Paul's School; at sixteen to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he remained seven years in all. His intention throughout was to take Orders in the Church of England.

There can be no doubt that as a boy and as a young man he was both happy himself and the cause of happiness in others. His parents seemed to have treated him with easy generosity and confidence; he was on good terms with his brother and sister; he was distinguished among his contemporaries for his talent and his personal beauty. But these are only favorable circumstances: of the happiness of his temperament there is positive evidence in his own hand. His Latin poems, for the obvious reason, too often escape attention. There is not much poetry in them, but there is information both valuable and entertaining. From the first of the Elegies, written to his friend Diodati when he was eighteen, we gather that he had been rusticated from the University for a time, and was neither sorry nor ashamed. He could not stand being flogged, and then the bare, treeless fields of Cambridge were so uncongenial to a poet. If home was exile, then exile was what he preferred; he was thoroughly enjoying it. He was devoting himself to his reading; when he tired of that there was the theatre, on the joys of which he dwells enthusiastically, and the ladies. The ladies, troops of them! Oh! their bright eyes, their white necks, their brows, their wavy hair—the golden nets of love! The maids of Britain come first in fame—happy London to hold the beauty of the world within her walls!

Elegy VII., dated the following year, tells the story of his first love. He had constantly scorned Love and all his arrows; had, in fact, told him to go and shoot doves or sparrows. But on May morning, when the crowd of brilliant young goddesses were going to and fro between town and country, he too went out, and looked, and met their looks. One of them he marked as beautiful above the rest—she might have been Venus, or indeed Juno either. Cupid remembered his old score and shot a volley: madness such as he had never known entered the young man's heart, he burned inwardly with love, he was all fire. But she—the only woman in the world for him—she went away, and he never saw her again. Half of him went with her, half remained to grieve—

if he could only see her beloved face just once more! He prayed to be cured, and yet not to be cured, of his madness; he discovered that there is something sweet in lover's woe. Meanwhile he neglected his work, till the University (no longer treeless) called him back and taught him better.

Elegy VI. is some months later. Diodati had written in December, giving the winter festivities as his excuse for sending inferior verses. Milton replies with a long and learned but decidedly spirited argument: there is no ground, he says, for supposing festivity, and especially drinking, to be unfavorable to poetry. Where there is wine, music, and dancing, there you will find Phœbus slipping quietly in—into your heart and the ladies' eyes and the musicians' fingers. That is, for the elegiac poet: the martial or heroic must be abstemious—Homer made a slender meal and drank water. Then in ten lines of surpassing interest Milton tells his friend what *he* is doing with his Christmas. He has been writing the Ode on the morning of Christ's Nativity. His account of the poem he compresses into three couplets, speaking of the Son of Heaven's eternal King, our great redemption and perpetual peace, of majesty laid aside and the Infant God wailing in a rude manger, of the spangled host and the Angel quire, and of the old-world gods driven suddenly from their temples dim. This Ode, he says, was his birthday gift, offered at the first dawn of light:—

"See how from far upon the eastern
road
The star-led wizards haste with odors
sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble
ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord
to greet.
And join thy voice unto the Angel
quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with
hallow'd fire."

The English stanza is, of course, incomparable, if only for the intensity of the imagination by which the poet's own eagerness makes the Wise Men his contemporaries and so brings the whole story into the living present. But those brief and formal Latin verses have also something of their own: if translated into prose and cast in the more ordinary form of a letter, they would still be remarkable for their unconscious simplicity. They show that the piety of Milton's youth, however uninquiring, and his imagination, however unearthly, are not in any way affected or self-conscious or sentimental; they can be uttered in high sounding verse or in a familiar epistle to a friend, with equal sincerity. And I think this much may be said of nearly all Milton's early work, whether in Latin or English: it is not for the most part very good poetry, because it has little experience behind it, but what it does express is the real man, the Milton of that period. It shows us clearly enough a gentle and sociable youth, a lover of music, gaiety, women, books, plays, and country pleasures: at the same time studious, religious, and high-minded: a temperament exceptionally happy, but not in any other way extraordinary. His powers do not seem to promise either deep philosophy or poetical innovation—his creed and his style are both conventional, accepted uncritically from the hands of the past. But if this is true of most of these poems, there is one of which it is not true, not the whole truth. Even now, at twenty-one, in this same Ode on the Nativity, Milton shows himself to be possessed of that gift of natural magic which takes common words, and suddenly in some way be-

yond explanation makes of them a strange and memorable picture, a strange and haunting melody, an irradiation, an enchantment. Sometimes the effect seems to be produced by an almost freakish beauty of imagination, as where "the sun in bed, curtain'd with cloudy red, Pillows his chin upon an orient wave . . . And the yellow-skirted Fayes Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze," or where the Star hangs fixed over Bethlehem, "And all about the courtly stable Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable"—a picture only to be paralleled with the work of Botticelli or Fra Angelico. Sometimes it seems to be a beauty of sound:—

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale
The parting genius is with sighing sent."

But it is not only image or sound, nor is it the thought that moves us here, for a kind of intoxication of delight is produced even before the sense can penetrate the consciousness: it is a power inexplicably hidden in the words themselves and called forth by their arrangement in a magical order. I say hidden, because the effect often appears to be quite independent of any richness in the words if taken singly and apart from their context. The barest and simplest of all these stanzas is one of the most beautiful:—

"The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep."

What is it that is here hidden in the words? What can it be but the personal touch of the poet himself, the peculiar voice or vision or gesture which is his own and by which he communicates to us the exultation, the solemnity, the tenderness of his spirit? For those to whom this means nothing, for those who judge by an external standard, the poem may be full of faults. Johnson deals severely with all Milton's early poems, including this ode. "They have," he says, "a cast original and unborrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence: if they differ from verses of others, they differ for the worse, for they are too often distinguished by repulsive harshness: the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing." Probably to modern lovers of poetry this criticism will seem to need no refutation: it will be enough to record that what pleased Milton's ear was harsh to Johnson's, and that in the latter's opinion Milton's poetry would have been better if it had been less Miltonic and more in accord with the Johnsonian ideal. Elsewhere Johnson does admit, incidentally, that a poem has something besides form: it contains "sentiments." But sentiments are apparently almost extraneous things; as with opinions, a man may have them or not have them, feel them or not feel them; the idea that they are a living and inseparable part of the man, the idea that a poem is the expression of the poet's intuition, is continually ignored or negative in Johnson's criticism, favorable or unfavorable. Of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, poems of the period immediately following, he says that "opinion is uniform; every man that reads them reads them with pleasure." But for him their merit lies first in the author's design, which is "to show how among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of

mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified"; and, secondly, in the skill with which "the images are properly selected and nicely distinguished." If we were looking for "merit," we might perhaps agree with this; if we ask rather what is the value of these poems for us, we shall be more likely to find it in their revelation of Milton's personality and in the direct contact by which they enable us to share the activity of his spirit, in two contrasted moods, the sanguine and the reflective. These two moods are not, as Johnson thought, moods belonging to two different characters, moods of "the cheerful man" and "the pensive man"; they are two different sides of the same man, and that man is first John Milton and afterwards every one of us. Few will find it easy to decide which of the two poems they prefer. *L'Allegro*, I think, has the happier beginning, and its landscape has the everlasting freshness of morning:—

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night, . . .

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

If I dared to be as rash as Addison, I would say that this poem has for Englishmen the advantage of all others in being universally and perpetually interesting; for we shall through all ages bear the same relation to the sights and sounds and actions which make up the life it pictures and cause the pleasure it expresses.

There are other lines in *L'Allegro* significant for our present purpose—those which speak of the fairies and goblins of rustic folk-lore, or of scenes of chivalry,

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize——"

Or again of the joys of weddings and masks and pageants, and finally of the well-trod stage of Comedy, and of music and song. From *Il Penseroso* it appears that Milton's taste in modern tragedy was more fastidious; but he again makes music the climax of his pleasures. This time it is religious music, in its most romantic and ceremonial setting:—

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

"All heav'n" is a vague expression, perhaps too vague for such poetry, but it could not be more significant. For Milton, in these years of his happiness, his ears and eyes were the gateways of heaven; religion was an ecstasy and not an argument. The poem is all of a piece; its delights are æsthetic and scarcely intellectual at all, except under an æsthetic aspect.

The Cherub Contemplation is only named to be set aside for the nightingale or the moonlit garden: and if the poet's Lamp "at midnight hour Be seen in some high lonely tower," it is not for the sake of science or scientific philosophy, but that he may speculate with romantic curiosity

"What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."

So with Literature—the poetry of the Greeks, the poetry of *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Faerie Queen*—their value is for Milton a subjective value; they exist and are enumerated as pleasures in a list where they stand next to the delights of a summer noon under archéd walks of twilight groves and shadows brown, or in a covert by the brookside, with mysterious dreams and fairy music; or the joys of a spring dawn whether rising in wind and cloud,

"Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves."

In a word, the mood of *Il Penseroso* is no less perfectly sensuous than that of *L'Allegro*.

These two poems are undated, and were not published till 1645, but it is generally agreed that they are the earliest written by Milton after he left Cambridge in 1632. He was now living at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had bought a property. His intention to take Orders had not yet been abandoned; his delay he explained to a reproachful friend by saying that he was "not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit." In the meantime, he was writing poetry and keeping good company. The little mask *Arcades*, written for the family of his neighbor, the Dowager Countess of Derby, was followed by the much more elaborate one now called by the name of *Comus*. This was presented at the Michaelmas festivities at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the President of Wales, John Earl of Bridgewater, who had married Lady Derby's daughter. The plot was founded upon a forest adventure of Lord Bridgewater's children, and the piece was acted by them. These circumstances, and the influence of Edmund Spenser, are sufficient to account for the conventional tone of its morality, which is ingenuously bald and confiding. But the best of the argument is on the other side; many among the noble audience, and many more among the Cavaliers of a later day, must have applauded from their hearts those two speeches of the Enchanter, in which he inveighs against the foolishness of men who praise "the lean and sallow Abstinence":—

"Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd th' all-worshipped ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;

And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons."

To argue that this is not sincere, or that its sincerity is merely dramatic, that it is only introduced as a foil to the moralistic doctrine of the piece, would be to ignore the literary and social history of the time. *Comus* was the most distinguished product of an anti-Puritan reaction. It was one of a number of Masks put forth in the more cultivated society of the day by way of counterblast to Prynne's *Histriomastix*, an incoherent but very vituperative pamphlet published in the previous year against the amusements of the upper classes, such as music, cards, hunting, maypoles, Christmas decorations, and, above all, against the stage. Milton when he wrote *Comus* was true to his past, not to his future: his sincerity was engaged on the side of liberal manners. The doctrine of the magical power of chastity against ruffians and enchanters was a high-flown commonplace borrowed from the Elizabethans, and was no doubt considered by the Bridgewaters as very suitable for their young people to represent. But their real feeling, the feeling of all civilized societies about the full use of earth's natural resources, was no doubt Milton's feeling also, uttered by him with more complete conviction and received by them with more genuine applause.

I cannot leave *Comus* without remarking that the lyrics and lyrical passages contained in it show once more that magical quality with which Milton had the power of endowing words:—

"Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine,
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire, . . .
Who in their nightly watchful spheres
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas with all their finny drove
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move:
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pet fairies and the dapper elves."

Was ever witchery more irresistible? It needed all Milton's own enchantments to undo it; no, even he could not undo it, he could only match it with an invocation so lovely that under it all senses lose their reality, except that unnamed inward sense by which the spirit is reached more quickly than the brain:—

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save."

It is difficult to understand how a poet gifted with such a power as this could be content to forego its use for long periods of time. Yet between *Comus* and *Lycidas* three silent years passed. No conjecture can shorten this interval, because the event which called forth the *Monody*—the death of Milton's fellow-student, Edward King, of Christ's—did not occur until 1637. But the power when it does reappear is as inexplicable as ever, and more sustained; *Lycidas* is a spell woven almost entirely of magical words. It is a poem most difficult to quote from without quoting it all: there are here no hesitations, no flatnesses—every strophe will have its ardent partisans. But it is better to read than to praise it: for the passion for beauty and the

passion for right which burn in it need no description to a lover of poetry, while to a prosaic mind they would be ineffective in any case. Among the most beautiful and typical passages is this:—

"Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night."

Yet these are the very first lines selected by Johnson for censure. "We know," he says, "that they never drove a-field, and that they had no flocks to batten." It is very true: in the Johnsonian world they did not, and the real Miltonic world Johnson could not enter. If he had reached it in some impossible moment when his common sense was off guard, he would have found there, without "disgust" and even without surprise, a transfiguration of life which includes in one and the same vision two young Cambridge men and their tutor, rough Satyrs and Fauns with cloven heel, Nymphs, Dryads, Bacchanals, Furies, the pure eyes and perfect witness of all-judging Jove, fountain Arethuse, the herald of the sea, Camus, reverend sire, the pilot of the Galilean lake, the great vision of the guarded Mount, and the Sicilian Muse calling to the vales for the flowers that had been first gathered by Ophelia and by Perdita:—

"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strow the laureate herse where Lycid lies."

For us who are trying, with at any rate more goodwill than Johnson, to follow and find Milton in his own world, there is one note in Lycidas which we have never caught before. The dread voice that for a moment shrunk the streams is the voice of no mitred saint, but of an indignant patriot. Even in his Sicilian dreamland Milton could not but hear and answer the trumpets that in the world below were already calling to war. There is nothing to wonder at in this: to an impartial spectator looking back from this distance of time it is only astonishing that Laud's methods should have failed to anger any even of those who shared the tenets of his faith. Milton, as I think his poems have told us unmistakably, was no Puritan born: his sense of beauty and his religious instinct were naturally at one; his practice and his whole training had been in the direct line of conformity. What is really astonishing here is not that he took the side of the Puritans, but that in so doing he became a new man, a contentious, bitter and unrestrained partisan; his whole nature was overturned as by a revolution. We are tempted to read back the Milton of 1667 into the Milton of 1637; but we do it in defiance of the evidence. The hard, argumentative, and revengeful character of the older man seems to have had no root in the happy temperament of the youth: what has happened, if we examine it closely, resembles a chemical reaction rather than a process of organic development.[1]

[1] One of the chemical elements was no doubt the anti-Romanism early instilled in to Milton by his father. In the Latin Ode on the Fifth of November (written before

Let us trace very briefly the course of Milton's life from the year of *Lycidas* to the year of *Paradise Lost*. In 1638 his mother died, and he left home for a foreign tour. In fifteen months he visited Paris, Florence, Siena, Rome, Naples, Rome and Florence again, Lucca, Venice, and Geneva. He was received with distinction by doctors, poets, noblemen, and Cardinals, in spite of his not very reticent Protestantism; he talked with Grotius and Galileo; he made a considerable collection of books, and wrote love sonnets to a beautiful Roman singer. The political crisis at home is given as the cause of his return. But in the following year—1640—he began to earn his living by taking pupils at a house in Aldersgate Street, and it is certain that his ambition at this time was poetical—he intended to write a great national epic upon the story of King Arthur and the Round Table. By the following year this dream had faded into the light of common day. In 1641 he published the tract on Reformation, a fierce attack on Bishops and ceremonies, of which the concluding words are a prophecy that his opponents, "after a shameful end in this life (which God grant them), shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of Hell, where under the despiteful control, the triumph and spurn of all the other Damned, that in the anguish of their torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyranny over them as their Slaves and Negroes, they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most under-foot and down-trodden Vassals of Perdition." Four other tracts followed closely upon this: two of them in defence of the anti-Prelatical writers known collectively as Smectymnuus. These pamphlets are interesting for their autobiographical details, but their tone is quarrelsome, coarse, and egotistic.

In 1642 the Civil War broke out, and went for some time in favor of the King. At Whitsuntide, 1643, just before the tide turned, Milton married Mary Powel, the daughter of an Oxfordshire Cavalier and country gentleman. A month afterwards she went to her relations on the pretext of a visit, and refused to return to her husband. Milton at once wrote four tracts on Divorce: three of them are sober enough in language, though extreme in doctrine, but the fourth, being for the chastisement of a writer who had dared to answer him, is full of abuse that would disgrace a schoolboy. His opponent's arguments are "filth and venom," when they are not something worse; the last of them is "a concluding taste of his Jabberment in law, the flashiest and fustiest that ever corrupted in such an unswill'd Hogshead."

In 1645 Milton published a collection of his poems and the famous "Areopagitica, a speech for the liberty of unlicens'd printing." In the same year he was reconciled to his wife. In 1647 he revolted against the Presbyterians, and afterwards wrote in support of the Independents. After the King's execution in 1649 he published four more tracts, the first of which was an answer to the *Eikon Basilike*, and the last *A Defence of the People of England*, in which he overwhelms his adversary Salmasius with the last extremity of discourteous and obscene contempt. It was for this service that the Parliament gave him a present of £1,000, as well as the post of

he was eighteen) this is expressed fully, but conventionally, and without any of the savage contempt that long afterwards invented the Paradise of Fools. The poem has a greater interest as containing the first sketch of the fallen Archangel, "æthereo vagus Exul Olympo":—

"So far he spoke: at last on pitchy vans
He swims the liquid air: whither he flies
Foul winds before him run, clouds gather dense
And frequent thunders flash."

Latin Secretary; but the effort finally destroyed his sight. In 1655 he prepared himself to write *Paradise Lost*, and in 1657 he began it.

On this famous poem almost everyone is ready to give an orthodox opinion, but very few are willing to speak or even to think of it with candor. In my own youth I read it with pleasure —a pleasure due partly to the passages of poetry in it, partly to the story, but more largely I think to the relation of its form and style to the masterpieces of antiquity. Mark Pattison, who felt the same kind of satisfaction in a higher degree, spoke of it as "one of the rewards of scholarship." As a work of art I have in later years studied the poem more seriously; at the present moment I admire it as sincerely as it can be admired on this side idolatry—that is, without bias from tradition, from scholastic associations, or from theological sympathies. Its many beauties, the greatness of the personality which is expressed in it, and the immense range of the powers employed, make it a fit subject for a long and detailed examination. But for this there is no room in a study where it is regarded simply as a manifestation of Milton's spirit, an important and prolonged, but still a single manifestation. A very brief note will be sufficient here if it indicates the nature of the criticism to be applied by any lover of poetry who may be persuaded to read this poem at leisure.

Two views have been held of the writing of *Paradise Lost:* it is to be feared that the common one is also the one which must be attributed to Milton. He had for years prepared himself with a high intention of dedicating his powers to his country's service; he relied, too, on inspiration from "that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallow'd fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." But there must be other resources too: among them "industrious and select reading" and "Steddy Observation." We shall probably do him no injustice if we understand him to have held, like most of his countrymen since, that his poem is a great piece of work external to himself, performed by the application of his intellect, with devotion, with skill, and with taste. He would certainly have disagreed with the modern view, the scientific view, that it is the expression of the whole man's spiritual activity, conscious and intellectual, unconscious and æsthetic, and that its artistic value arises not from the first but the second of these activities.

Johnson, of course, was at one with Milton here. "Epick poetry," he says, "undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts." He goes on to enumerate the faculties necessary, and the processes in which they must be employed: dramatic energy, skill in diversification, morality, policy, physiology, delicacy of language, metrical moderation, and so forth. In all of these he shows that Milton excelled. Moreover, "the substance of the narrative is truth." And how does he sum up the result? "*Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure."

I believe that this is, openly or secretly, the feeling of ninety-nine out of a hundred educated people to-day. It is the natural consequence of a false æsthetic: it is the feeling expressed in the presence of all great art by the weary, dutiful, unintelligent formula, "Ah! very fine." It is time, I think, for the comfort of the large company of martyrs to say frankly

that *Paradise Lost* is not "very fine" in the sense in which they suppose it to be so. Its greatness does not lie in its greatness: looked at from Johnson's point of view, from Milton's own point of view, it is a colossal failure. Sir Walter Raleigh, the most acute as well as the wittiest of modern critics, has perfectly exhibited its intellectual absurdities, its essentially political purpose, and its entire lack of religion. He is equally convincing when he praises it for its poetry and its interest as a revelation of personality. But when he denies that the badness of the plot and machinery is the main cause of its failure to hold the ordinary reader, I think that he is out of touch with modern poetical feeling. We ask of the poet to-day that he shall make for us a new world out of the fragments of earth; we cannot accept from him a sham world peopled with phantoms from Nowhere. There are but two or three great epics known to us, and *Paradise Lost* is not among them. William Morris in his *Sagas*, like Homer in his *Iliad*, has so drawn human life that we see it to be greater than we knew; Milton has so drawn angelic life that we find it more absurd than we could have imagined it.

But the interest and the beauty are there if we will only look for them. In those ten years when the poet sat in darkness dictating his laborious and indefensible argument, a spirit that he never thought of sat inseparably with him and wrote poetry into all h's prosing. Much of it was fierce, tragic stuff—drawn from memories, hardly conscious, of the days of wedded misery, the days of bitter oppression, the days of pride and contention and cursing. Even in this there was beauty, the beauty of passion and courage beating their naked hands against the strongholds of evil, and there was always the perfection of self-expression. But there is also again and again an echo of the former magic, a tone still vibrating with the happiness of the youth that died so quickly after Lycidas:—

"Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unvail'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

It would be comforting to end with this, but it would be falsifying Milton's record. He lived to see the Restoration, and to revolt against the manners of a nation escaping not too decorously from unnatural repression. He lived to write a poem greater and more perfect than *Paradise Lost*. In *Samson Agonistes* he surveyed his own life: with none of the old careless magic, and with more bitterness than ever, but also with a far loftier and more unfaltering dignity, he pictured the death of the blind giant, betrayed by his own wife, mocked and degraded by his Philistine enemies, enduring to the last for the sake of dominance and revenge. The hot blood of fierce personal passion runs through this play as it runs through no other. The pain is incomparable, because there is for us a tragedy beyond the tragedy. The Chorus find in Samson's vindictive end nothing but peace and consolation: a peace and consola-

tion which Milton never found himself, and which we cannot but see to be the most hopeless and least worthy of all aspirations. Then comes the still more painful recollection that this doctrine of the supreme consolation of revenge is the last word not only of a barbarian from the Book of Judges, but of the young and beloved shepherd who once sang to the oaks and rills,

"While the still morn went out with sandals gray."

Henry Newbolt.

The English Review.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

CHAPTER V.

The Third Legacy.

Roger, as the months went by, grew used to Cicely's absence, but not indifferent. When the gray weather comes, and the sun goes into hiding, week after week, the heath-men grow accustomed to his loss, and pretend they do not feel it; but the ache for sunshine is there, all the same, eating deeper into their tempers.

Times were a little easier at Marsh House. A legacy came in—enough to save the three farms that had troubled Roger when he declined the offer for the Mead. His father's health improved at once with the lawyer's letter that conveyed the news.

"There's life in the old breed still—eh, Roger?" he said, tossing the letter across. "Luck goes in threes. There'll be two legacies to follow—enough to set us on our feet, lad—enough to pay off many debts."

The son caught the family affliction—optimism. The generations had bred him to look forward by preference, not behind. "Not a doubt of it, father. We'll wait for the second—it will help to roof a few barns, and buy mother some new clothes, and pay off a wine-bill or two."

"You're easy-going, Roger."

"And you, Sir?" asked the other.

The Squire took a pinch of snuff. "God bless me, yes. I hadn't guessed it, Roger, but you and I are one as easy-going as t'other. Buy that hunter you were speaking of. We can afford it now."

By an odd chance, eighteen months after Cicely had left the moorside, a second legacy did come in. It was more substantial than the first, and was left by a hot-tempered cousin with whom the Squire had quarrelled desperately. The cousin, with characteristic spleen, had left the old country long ago, saying it was no longer a place for any gentleman to live in since the Reform Bill set Jack grinning at his master. He had prospered in over-seas, and had made a surprising fortune there; and in his will there was a clause leaving a good round sum "to my cousin, Christopher Holt, because he was good at a quarrel, and because he didn't try to heal the breach after I made my money."

The old Squire came back from London in high good spirits, after seeing the lawyers there and going through the necessary business connected with the will.

"I told you luck went in threes," he said, as he sat with Roger over their after-dinner port. "This will clear nearly all our debts for us, lad. We can start with a clean slate."

"And the next legacy—it will make us lords of the Manor again—not ghosts of our old selves, wanting to spend money and not having it to give——"

"Roger, you're straight as a die to your breed. All's going smoothly as

a fairy-tale, eh? Money coming in, and the world going very well, and Marsh House what it used to be? We're a couple of fools, I doubt. The world doesn't like going smoothly, somehow. There'll come a stone in the way somewhere—and over goes our gig—the higher the wheels, lad, the bigger the bump on the road."

The Squire glanced over-shoulder, looked sharply round at Roger to see if he had noticed the absurdity, and found again his high good spirits. He laughed—with the same infectious laugh his son had—as he told how he had read his cousin's will in London yonder.

"It tickled me, the way he put it. Fancy his making his will—and a man is very near his Maker at that time, Roger—and remembering just how we quarrelled in the old days. It was very like him."

Before they well knew what they were about, these two had their heads close together across the table. They were discussing, not the second legacy, but the third, which old superstition taught them to expect. And they were spending royally again in fancy, not for themselves, but for others, all in the freehanded way that had made the Holts a pleasant byword up and down the moorside in the days of their prosperity. It was in the blood and training of the race, this passion to father those who lived within their borders. As they talked of what they would do here, do there, now they were coming to their own again, their voices were gentle, mellow, as the voice of charity is. They were fine types of a feudal race that was dying with its face to the new order, not caring that it was ruthlessly outnumbered.

No tenant, big or little, was forgotten in this scheme that they mapped out for restoring the ancient prosperity. They could do a little already by help of the two legacies. The third—which was so surely coming that they counted it already theirs—would find work enough and to spare for them all to do.

"How your mother will revel in it, lad," said the Squire. "She has learned to care so much for our folk—God bless her, she's worth two of me, and always was."

From behind there came a little broken sob, and the men turned sharply round. In the doorway stood Mrs. Holt, who, tired of her own worries, had come to seek the company of her men-folk. There were signs of grief in her face; but across it was a light as of transfiguration, because her man had praised her, not knowing she was there.

The Squire rose, with the grace that no clouds of debt or personal shame could kill, and placed a chair for her. "I was just praising you, my dear," he said.

"Yes. I—I heard it. Roger, you seem to be a bairn in the nursery again. You mustn't heed if two old people think they're newly wedded."

Roger surprised the glance that passed between them. Through human frailties, and rain and murk, and the bleak happenings that stand for guide-posts afterwards along the road of married life, he saw that these two were not divided after all. His father might be late recovered from gout, and have acquired the odd habit of glancing over-shoulder at some unseen pursuer; his mother was grey-haired in the service of a country-side whose people and whose weather were exacting in their moods; but it did not matter, somehow, because the light in their faces was the self-same light that surprises the tired old hills, each day when dawn comes to fire them with the new endeavor.

"Of course, you were talking of how to spend the third legacy?" said Mrs.

Holt, with a little nod of comprehension. "Cottages to be rebuilt—a few more pensioners, crippled by long service—a ball or two, to show that the old house is itself again——"

"Mother, you've been eaves-dropping. You heard all we said."

"No, Roger. I heard—just a few pleasant words of your father's—words I shall remember." She glanced from one to the other with quiet raillery. "I'm what is known as a managing woman, I believe—and no woman is ever that until she has learned to understand her men-folk. My dears, we women are such a worry and a puzzle, even to ourselves; but men are so simple. Did I guess that you were counting already on that third legacy? Did I guess——"

"Yes," broke in the Squire, "you guessed every time. You generally do, wife."

And then she, too, joined in the game they had been playing; and there were three heads now above the supper-board, planning a quiet, unobtrusive Millennium for those dependent on them. There were quarrels about detail—especially as to whether Jonathan o' Crook Stile really deserved consideration, seeing how often he came home "market-dayish" from Heathley.

"Of course," snapped the Squire. "He's a rare good farmer. His foibles are his own, and he's a right to 'em, so long as he can show the cleanest lands about the moorside."

"Granted Jonathan, then. You men defend your own—and—and I've a great liking for Jonathan, if he were less—less 'market-dayish.' "

They sat on and planned, not for their own ease or advancement, but for the honor of their name. It is true that old houses are peopled, not by the present generation only, but by those who lived aforetime and who abide. Workaday routine may go on—dusting of rooms, baking of bread, paying of bills in modern currency—but the deeper moments come, when those who live under an ancient roof are aware that, for good or evil, their dead are with them.

To-night these three did not pretend, even to themselves, that they were free agents in the matter. Generation after generation had supped in this same room, and talked of ways and means, had resolved constantly to defend their own. In the far-off days of feud there had been no man so poor among their tenantry, no child so little, that they disdained the claim.

The Squire—his lady, who had learned to wear old clothes with a surprising grace—Roger, the debonair and careless—all were attuned to the same high key of what had been named chivalry in days gone by. To-day they called it responsibility for those entrusted to them; but words matter little, so long as the deep pools of the heart are stirred.

Mrs. Holt broke into it all with her gentle gift of humor. "There's only one thing wanting, men o' mine. The third legacy may not arrive until we are dead, all three of us. It won't matter very much then whether I consent to forgive Jonathan o' Crook Stile his little foibles."

"Oh, it's coming," insisted the Squire. "There are thriftier feet than Barguest's coming down the lane to Marsh."

It was a chance word, but it drove all the humor from his wife's face. "Not Barguest!" she said. "I'm foolish and unstrung somehow. I wish you had talked of anything but Barguest."

They glanced at her with frank amazement. This capable, good angel of the house—the mistress who seldom lost her temper, who smoothed rough ways for all the parish, who was practical and watchful always for the

comfort of her men-folk—was troubled now by a superstition dead and buried long ago, if the modern voice were to be believed. But shallow graves are easily reopened.

"Have you seen him?" asked the Squire, following a random mood. "That's good news, wife. He's a dog any way, and the most part of him honest. Roger and I met Phineas Oldroyd in the lane not long since—and of the two spectres give me Barguest."

Mrs. Holt knew then that her shrinking from Phineas, whenever she met him along the roads and field tracks, was not fanciful. In the worst of his tempers the Squire spoke of no man in this tone, unless he stood convicted of cruelty and slander—a couple that always hunt together. But she was not concerned with Phineas just now.

"It is all so foolish," she said; "but women are foolish, I tell you. The good God made us so. It was yesterday—I was coming down the lane at dusk, and I heard feet pattering through the fallen leaves. They were quiet feet, and I thought it was Roger's spaniel running to overtake me."

"You're just one of us at last," laughed the Squire. "We're only heirs by marriage to the Waynes, we Holts—and yet we've taught you to look over-shoulder when you come down Barguest Lane."

"It's no jest," she pleaded gravely. "Indeed, it is no jest. Heirs by marriage inherit—all that is meant by feet pattering down the lane. It was not Roger's spaniel that went by me. There was light enough to see—I did not fancy it. A big, rough-coated dog ran past—ran wide, with a thief's skulking look—and there was blood about his jaws. In spite of your legacies, it seemed no good omen."

If she, a late-comer to the moors and a woman of proved sense, could feel the old superstition chill her courage, it was not likely that her men-folk would be able to laugh it off at once. Down that lane, bordered on each side by sycamores—a lane dear to them, and never more beautiful than now, with its branches shapely in their nakedness and underfoot the raiment shed like cloth of gold—the brown dog had gone too often, time out of mind, for the peace of those who lived at Marsh.

It was Roger who found the note of common sense, much needed now. One gift they had, these Holts with the wayward, random view of life—if two of the three went rudderless for the moment, the third was always ready to steer the ship.

"What was the brute like, mother?" he asked.

"Like a farm-dog run wild—his hair all shaggy, and his big head smeared with blood."

"And he went by like a thief? He didn't growl or snap?"

"No, Roger. He just said nothing—that was the worst of it. I'd rather he had been a noisy thief."

"He wasn't Barguest, mother. You can be easy on that score. He's a flesh and blood dog—a dog who's lost his code of honor—a dog we've been trying to find for a week past."

"Roger, I'm tired, and you are teasing me."

"The lad's right," broke in the Squire. "I was a fool not to guess as much. Jabe o' the Barns hobbled down on his rheumatic legs, ten days ago, and said he'd found two sheep worried on the high pastures. And Roger—who's the most easy-going bailiff from this to Pendle Hill—has brought tales in from farmers here and there that there's a bad dog abroad. Pity you hadn't a gun in your hands, wife, when the thief slipped past you down the lane."

"I hate killing anything. I should have aimed wide, my dear."

"That's sheer foolishness. See a thief and shoot a thief, say I—whenever the law will let you."

"The law so seldom does, Sir," put in Roger with gentle raillery.

"Perhaps it's as well, my lad—perhaps it's as well. There'd be too many folk for parson to bury in a week of days."

And suddenly, against his will, the Squire glanced over-shoulder.

Mrs. Holt went up to her room, after an abrupt good night. Her men had not helped her very much, after all, except in persuading her that it was no ghostly dog she had met in Barguest Lane. And that was small comfort; for, strive as she would, with all the plucky optimism she had won by hardship, she could not shake off her mood of tired despondency.

She sat looking out on the moon that was driving furiously, like Jehu of old, through a windy rack of clouds. Spurts of rain came down the gale, and again the moon would win clear for a moment, lighting the shower of last leaves that fluttered like bats against the blue and russet of the wild night sky.

So had her life been here, it seemed to her to-night—spring shyly growing into flower, and then full summer, with a husband caring for her and a bairn to mother, and afterwards the pleasant autumn that had seen effort ripen into fruit. She would not have yielded these years of her married life for any gifts the world could offer her. They had not been smooth always. They had not been tearless. But they had taught her a breadth and charity of outlook that comes only from the heart, and only from a heart that has many scars on it.

Now, as she watched the riot of wind and scudding moon and branches waving their nakedness abroad, she knew that winter was at hand. The two legacies—omens of further luck, as her men viewed them—were straws in the wind to her. She knew by this time the temperament that she had married, the temperament inherited by the one son she had given the Squire. There was a certain, royal ease about them always when they were spending money—for the good name of their race or to lighten burdens for their poorer neighbors. Those two legacies would melt away in paying old debts off, in rebuilding old cottages, in fifty ways. Not till the third legacy arrived—one big as Pendle Hill, deep to dig into—would there be ease at Marsh House from the money troubles that ate inward, as with fire. She had no faith in that third bequest. Luck, as she knew it, went singly for the most part, and at long intervals in pairs; and the next happening was apt to be a storm of trouble, swamping the little summers that had gone before.

Mrs. Holt, for all the brave front she showed her world, was human and afraid to-night. Winter was knocking at her door; and her husband, whose face had been set towards danger until lately, had fallen into this odd habit of glancing over-shoulder. And she was very tired.

All was against her. God proves his soldiers by that sort of drill. And by and by she lifted her head to the windy uproar out of doors. She was afraid no longer. The country she had married into claimed her, once for all, and she understood at last why her men were so fond of what they called "mixed weather in the open."

And that night she slept like a little child, because she did not look before or after. The big moors had proved her, and trust is a good blanket to sleep under.

Next day life went on again about Marsh House as if the mistress of it had not fought a battle, and survived. The night's storm had spent itself, and

there was a crisp, frosty sunlight, a scent of fallen leaves, that made a nutty fragrance round the house. There were cows to be milked, and cheeses to be tended in the dairy, and breakfast to be ready for two men whose appetites were apt to be noisy if not fed quickly. The Squire's wife had no time to remember that she had fought and won a battle yesterday, no time for pride that the high moors had given her at last the freedom of their windy citadels. She only knew that, whatever was to come, her strength had been doubled since the night of doubt.

News came from Cicely, in the week following—one of many letters she had written to Mrs. Holt during her long exile. She was doing this and that in Brussels, had been to the opera and what not; but the girl's real heart showed itself in the postscript. "Please tell Roger that I know just how the moors are looking with the March lights on them. There are less than two hundred days now before they let me out of prison. I cross off one every night when I go to bed—it helps me to say my prayers. Jabe o' the Barns will soon be getting into his summer quarters among the heather. I envy him."

"Jabe always says that she'll come back unspoilt," laughed Roger, handing the letter back.

And all that day, though he never tried to find a reason for it, he was in the wildest spirits. The Squire and he were afield till dark, busy with one of the enterprises that their legacies had set in train.

"You've a merry heart, lad," said the father, as they tramped home, over the grey-white pastures, with the nesting peewits flapping slowly overhead. "It's queer how a windfall or two, and a chance of spending money again, lifts a man's spirits."

But Roger thought of the postscript of Cicely's letter, and she seemed very near him, nearer even than the mother peewit that nearly brushed his face in her efforts to entice him from the nesting-ground.

With April in, and leaf-buds breaking here and there in sheltered coppices, the Squire and his son said good-bye to hunting, thinking there'd be none until the leaves were falling once again. They were mistaken. The shaggy farm-dog that had crept past Mrs. Holt down Barguest Lane—the dog with smeared jaws and the stealthy tread of guilt—had grown to be a power about the moorside. Once he had shaken off the discipline that had been licked into him by patient training, he had reverted to the wildness of his ancestors. It had all begun with tasting blood, the day temptation took him by the throat and he killed his first sheep. Thereafter, his appetite increased and needed feeding; and appetite and he, feeding each other, grew to an outrageous strength.

The dog was, in a sense, a trouble to himself. If he had been born wild, and reared wild, he would have killed decently and with discretion—because he wanted food, no more, no less. But he was a deserter from the regiment of sheep-dogs who had learned higher things—shepherding of flocks when storms were brewing over the high pastures, persuading them by threats and strategy to come safely into fold—all the Christian lore that his master had grafted on to his primeval instincts. At heart he knew himself for one who had descended into life's journey; and shame goaded him into wilder enterprises, as if he were frail as human beings are.

Rogues of this sort learn a surprising strategy, a gift of eluding pursuit that, for a little while, suggests an overwatching Providence. As more sheep were killed—wantonly now, and for

mere lust of slaying—more farmers joined the hue and cry. Through all that April they chased him, and through May, and well into June; and they could not kill him.

The old Squire and Roger were keen for the hunting, with a zest that was not of yesterday. Week by week, as this stubborn chase went forward—a whole countryside against one raider who murdered diligently and disappeared again into the wide heather-lands—the dog took on the reputation of the spectre that had haunted Barguest Lane until the mill-smoke robbed him of his kingdom. He was seen here and there—on the edge of dusk, or near to dawn—by folk who came in with the tale. And men went out with guns, following the directions given, and returned with tired and savage faces.

Little by little, as the light upper crust of modern life was pierced, the abiding superstitions of the moor returned. It was whispered that the stealthy murderer was no flesh-and-blood dog, after all. They said openly that Barguest had come to his own again, and prudent folk went home wide of the track that led down to Marsh House between the sycamores, dainty in their young spring leafage.

Down in Marshcotes yonder there was strife of mill-men against the masters, of masters against the men—strife of employers and employed, who sweated equally under the fierce monarchy of steam. But here, on the edge of the wilderness, there was only a people absorbed in a hunt that was one of the longest and the dourest known since men first chased their prey across the uplands.

As week by week, more sheep were killed, the Squire and Roger—the spring tempting them to softer thoughts at every turn—grew more and more aware that they had great joy in this chase. Their neighbors said that Barguest had returned; for their part, they knew that some old grudge was in their veins, like wine. In days far off, the Waynes, their kinsfolk here at Marsh had hunted the sly Ratcliffes, just as they were hunting the sheep-slayer now. The old feud was up; and somehow the moorland breed love God and wife and bairns in the forefront of life's battle—but afterwards they like feud as a duck takes to water, by sheer instinct.

"Why are men so foolish?" asked Mrs. Holt, when they came home tired, at the end of a fragrant day in June. "There's so much peace in the world—and you two are out for the slaying. It's in your faces."

"You're to blame, mother. A dog frightened you in the lane."

"No need to kill every dog that frightens me, Roger," she broke in tartly. "I'd forgotten it long since."

"We remembered, mother. You told us the color of his jaws, that night he passed you; and we've named him Red Ratcliffe, who bothered our folk once."

A gust of liking for these men stirred the Squire's wife. They were stubborn. They were strong for love or hatred. Above all, whether the sun found them debonair and careless, or the rainy highways muddied them, they had the high gift of constancy. At her heart was the song of wind through the heather, and she understood their carelessness of money, their untidy ways about the house.

"Why don't you catch your dog?" sue asked, laughing at them both. "I'm growing rather tired of him, Roger."

"So are we, mother—so are the farmers whose sheep and lambs are going."

"There are the barracks at Halifax, my dear. Why not call out the military? Surely between you you could kill the rogue."

"It is—is rather serious, wife," said

the Squire. "There's a murderer at large."

The rebuke was courteous, as all his dealings were with her; but she knew that she had touched some depth of feeling in her man where humor had no place. And she had learned to respect this mood of theirs—even to stand in awe of it—because they had proved, many times, that it was bottomed on reality. This dog they hunted was devouring flocks, and they loathed him for his savagery; but he was doing more—was robbing farmers of the earnings that were hard-come-by nowadays—was at feud with the sheep-rearing which, in the literal meaning of the words, still fed and clothed the moorside. He was an enemy of daily bread; and as such he was the adversary of every man with healthy instincts.

"They used to hang men for sheep-stealing once, Roger," said the Squire by and by. "A barbarous practice—of course, a barbarous practice."

"But understandable," said Roger grimly.

The hunt, and the pleasure of having money to spend again, and the looking forward to that third legacy in which he believed with characteristic obstinacy, made a young man of the Squire during this wonderful, bright June. He forgot to look behind him, because he was looking forward. He jested with the tenants whose houses he was repairing, and word went up and down the moor that "Squire was just his old self, like, as if he'd got better of an illness." And folk were glad, because they loved him unreservedly.

About the middle of the month the Squire came down to breakfast in riotous good spirits. "We haven't shot Red Ratcliffe yet—but we're roofing barns, any way," he said, by way of good morning to his heir. "My lad, the beauty of it all! I went out just now to taste the morning—and it all came back to me, with the old, clean taste. The beeches—and the buttercups all out in the low meadows—and the throstles singing as if their throats would break in two—what is it, Roger, that June carries in her pocket? Some gift o' life and loving, somehow."

After breakfast, when they went out together to fill their pipes and stroll through the garden that had not been planted yesterday, it was the same. The Squire seemed like a man shut up too long in prison, who had found his freedom unexpectedly. The old-fashioned borders, packed close with tall, free-blooming plants—the ripple of the stream, with the gold-grey mists of morning playing bo-peep about it—the thrush's litany close at hand, and the lark's soaring challenge, half between earth and heaven, to bid men lift their eyes—all helped the Squire to shift old burdens from his shoulders.

"You think I'm old and near my end," he said, with a glance at Roger. "Well, it happens that I'm young as you. June has that trick with a man."

Roger answered nothing, because their comradeship was of too long standing to need it. He was glad that the cloud was lifting from the father whom he trusted, as he trusted no man about the moorside, except little Jack Lister.

"I asked your mother if she'd have me," went on the Squire, "in just the same sort of garden, though it happened to lie in the south country. My heart was in my boots, lad—she seemed too good for me—and it was like a conjuring trick when—when I kissed her, you young fool. . . You'll learn more about that when your time comes."

And Roger thought of Cicely standing beside him long ago—the months seemed years—in a beech-wood that was magical with russet leaves. The

Holts, it seemed, could only love their women in the one way—with eagerness and strength—but always with the memory that God was kind when He sent rosemary into a world of toil.

They heard the click of the side-gate opening on the paddock, and Jonathan Wood, the postman, came up with the odd, crippled walk that always suggested a three-legged race. But then Jonathan had earned his rheumatism, after thirty years of service to the moorland weather.

"Well, Jonathan, what have you got for me?" he asked, his greeting neighborly and genial, but his fancy obsessed by expectation of a lawyer's letter, smooth and easy in the reading—a letter confirming his belief that fortunes hunted, not in couples, but in threes.

"What have I got, Squire? Nay, that's for ye to say, like, when ye've opened the batch. Happen there'll be good news—but likelier there'll be bad—any road, it's none o' my business."

"Man, do you know it's June? I thought even you would forget to croak for awhile."

"I look a bit forrard, Squire. You know my way. There's winter coming—he'll mow down your buttercups and daisies nicely. He allus does."

"They'll come up again next year," said Roger, who had an old fondness for refuting the bleak, hopeless outlook upon life that was Jonathan's one luxury.

Yet Jonathan had the last word. "To be mowed down again—ay, just to be mowed down. That's life as I've known it, man and boy."

They watched him hobble down the path. The man's roughness and distrust had grown so familiar that they would have missed them if, by some miracle, he had learned suddenly to see life as it is—a climber, with feet set on an uphill road and face to the heartening winds. The Squire turned over the batch of letters. "One for you, Roger—from Cicely, I think. Bless the child, we shall have her back soon. If she dares to talk French to me I'll answer her in good, broad Yorkshire. And two for your mother—and bills, of course, for me. It's wonderful how other letters go astray, but never a bill. My lad, did you ever know a bill to go astray?"

Roger liked his father in this mood. He was so random, so at peace with life and his debts and the open sky. "They come home to roost, Sir."

The Squire found a letter at the bottom of the pile, glanced at it, and did not open it at once. The post-mark had clouded the good day of June for him. He glanced at Roger, moved up and down the path with the indecision that was so pitiable, because it was unlike the courage of the man. Then he ripped open the envelope, stood silent for awhile, and conquered his desire to look over-shoulder. The news was so simple, so disastrous, that it rallied all the years of effort and hard pluck that had gone to the making of his life.

He faced Roger—his only son, whose regard he coveted—and there was an air about him that men wore before the strident, modern note was sounded. He was in the thick of martyrdom; and he carried the honor as a great gentleman does, with tearless eyes and a smile that was resolute and gay.

"The third legacy, my lad. I told you it was coming."

And Roger left him to it. Men, after all, have little knowledge of their women-kind; but, as regards each other, they have an intimate, fine gift of silence.

The Times. *(To be continued.)*

THE MEDICINE OF DICKENS.

By S. Squire Sprigge, M.D.

In a short article which appeared in the *Cornhill* a year or so ago entitled "Medicine in Fiction,"[1] I essayed to show that the use of medicine by novelists followed certain tracks. The conclusions which I invited were briefly as follows: that the medical episode as an assistance to the working out of the plot was often well employed by the experienced novelist; that in such use of medicine pathological accuracy, though desirable, was only material if the author himself claimed scientific correctness; that the masters of fiction had often drawn excellent likenesses of the diseased subject, and had illustrated correctly the influence of disease upon communities, though they were not exempt from the commission of profound or comical errors; and that only in the rarest cases was any knowledge shown of the life led by the medical man—of the nature of his successes or the reason of his failures, of the significance attaching to his qualifications, or of the usual steps in his professional career.

Though some of my statements were challenged, the rather obvious truth of the conclusions was admitted generally; but almost everyone who was sufficiently interested in the questions to write about them, whether in the newspapers or to me, pointed out that I had omitted this or that striking example of the use of medicine in the novels of so and so. I knew that this would be said, for I knew that the examples which I had selected to prove the points were chosen arbitrarily; but how otherwise could a choice be made? The writers whose books were quoted were thoroughly well known, and many of the books must, I think, remain as permanent adornments of our literature; but other writers, as great or greater, were not alluded to. Scores of diseases which have been described in novels, written both by those writers whom I cited and those whom I omitted, were not brought into discussion; and it was obvious that any particular examples which I gave could be paralleled by others which might seem more to the point in connection with the particular disease, or more typical of an individual author's genius than those which I hit upon. Such a subject as the use of medicine in fiction, even within the narrow limitations set to my article—viz. that only well-known novelists writing in English or French would be quoted—must be completely outside the scope of any one paper, if all the available evidence upon which any general conclusions are to be arrived at has to be given. For such a task a large book would be required, and I would not write such a book even if I had the knowledge and skill to write it very well; for I do not think that it would repay the trouble of reading. Too many examples of the same episode, too many repetitions of villainy with the same object and of virtue with the same reward, would be the result of the compilation. The use of medicine in the novels of Charles Dickens is in itself an ample subject for consideration—too large a subject, it will be seen, for this essay, if anything like the thoroughness postulated by my kindly critics be expected.

The length of many of the novels of Dickens, their multiplicity of episode and the vast quantity of characters introduced, make it certain that no one reader of his works would select,

[1] The Living Age, Jan. 6, 1912.

in illustration of any text or in support of any thesis, exactly the same passages from his works that another reader, equally his admirer, would decide to rely upon.

I have taken my examples of the use of medicine almost wholly from the long novels, and I know that I have not exhausted the mine. But I have been surprised at the amount of medicine contained in those works of Dickens which I have recently consulted, and in particular I have been surprised at his knowledge of the professional medical life of his day. Here he is ahead of most English writers, save those who happen also to have been medical men; while it is evidence of the wide area over which his kind and fantastic genius ranged, that this particular knowledge would not be claimed readily for him, so hidden away is it in the ramifications of his romances, so trifling are the things which display it, and so subordinate are the characters whose behavior proves it.

But the medicine in Dickens's novels is nearly all of one large category. Who are the sick people in these novels is a question to which no certain answer can be given; for many characters go through his books, without a hint of physical suffering, who are so warped and twisted that they conform to no real standard of health, the deformities being as marked in their bodies as in their minds. It is in descriptions of mental disease that Dickens revels, but it is especially difficult to determine whether a particular person is definitely a lunatic, or merely an eccentric, or the victim of some obsession or self-delusion, utterly spoiling his or her intellectual balance.

Mrs. Nickleby's unnamed admirer is, with due allowance made for the deliberate exaggeration of the comic side of lunacy, a fair picture. There may never have been a lunatic exactly like him, amorous failings taking as a rule a much more unpleasant shape; but there is no reason why a certificated patient should not behave in much the way that this elderly lover behaved.

Smike is an accurate and even terrible picture of the half-witted subject; hunger, humiliation, and pain have broken his spirit and the association with his condition of what is apparently chronic phthisis is accurate. But can Smike be considered madder than either Squeers or his daughter Fanny? And was not Newman Noggs in his long-cherished revenge nearly as mad as the Lothario in small-clothes?

The senility of the "Father of the Marshalsea," of old Chuffey who could only be recalled to life by Anthony Chuzzlewit's voice, and of grandmother Smallweed who required the stimulus of a blow from a cushion to arouse her; the religious madness of Lord George Gordan; and the congenital idiocy of Barnaby Rudge, and the weak-mindedness of "Mr. Dick," are all well delineated; but it is difficult to say that these characters, varying as they do in their manifestations of madness, and in the depth and seriousness of their delusions, are much more mentally unbalanced than Quilp, or even Mrs. Clenman. Barnaby Rudge is an interesting character, medically speaking, because in his case Dickens shows belief in the phenomenon known as telegony. Barnaby is born with a bloody mark upon his wrist owing to his mother a few days before his birth having clutched the wrist of his murderous father in her terror.

Edgar Allan Poe, criticising the episode in a review, pointed out that this was probably a slip on Dickens's part, who intended to make the murderer clutch the wife's wrist. Poe's surmise is shrewd; but in either event the result belongs, as far as Barnaby is concerned, to the realms of imagination,

and not to any accepted occurrence in heredity.

The difference immediately to be noted between the characters whom Dickens labels definitely as insane and those whom he leaves us to label as we choose, is that the latter are more monstrously deformed.

Squeers, squat and dirty, with but one eye and "the blank side of his face much wrinkled and puckered up"; Fanny Squeers, with her harsh voice and squint; Quilp, "so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant"; Flintwinch, whose "neck was so twisted that the knotted ends of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear," and whose swollen and suffused features gave him "a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other and of having ever since gone about halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down"; Noggs, "with goggle eyes, whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face," who "rubbed his hands slowly over each other, cracking the joints of his fingers and squeezing them into all possible distortions,"—all these people present the outward appearance of well-marked types of mental defect or degeneracy, and Dickens was intuitively right to make them act in defiance of recognized standards of reason. But not a doctor drawn in Dickens's pages would have had this sound psychological instinct. For none of them was learned, or a lover of learning. Dickens had it from cultivation of his powers of observation as much as from the intuition that distinguishes his genius.

As no one can say exactly where physiology ends and psychology begins, the connecting links between psychology and medicine must often be very close; we know this now as a commonplace, but fifty years ago it represented the teaching of only advanced thinkers. To Mr. Chillip, Mr. Jobling, and Dr. Parker Peps such words would have meant nothing. Psychological modes of thought assist in the exposition of therapeutics, and the merely materialist physician is nowadays bound to fall behind in the ranks of his profession. The medical men in Dickens's pages were all materialists—of this we may feel sure; but Dickens himself had a very close appreciation of the union between physiology and psychology. None of his medical men are ever described as seeing any evidence of this union, and it often happens that characters do not appear in his books as definitely diseased people, requiring medical attention, when they are really at least half-mad. But Dickens makes them act madly, and justifies doing so, in many cases, by putting their cranky intelligences into physical frames of the sort which we now recognize as often accompanying degeneracy.

I have purposely dwelt upon Dickens's treatment of the mentally unbalanced, because he introduced these characters into every one of his books, and did so with skill and discrimination. The picturesqueness of the unbalanced mind appealed to him; he felt towards the crazy and unexpected sentiment and emotions of "Mr. F.'s aunt," Miss Havisham, or "Mr. Dick" as he felt towards a weed-grown churchyard, the oozing planks of a derelict wharf, or the sagging façade of a slum. The ruin, he deplored; the message of ineffectiveness and even of terror conveyed, he recognized; but the attraction of mystery was the predominant emotion with him. The usual diseases he described hardly at all, and when he employed them in his narratives he did so merely as an assistance to the story, taking little pains to obtain accurate information upon the symptoms and

pathological history. The only instance when I remember him to have displayed any desire to justify the correctness of his medicine concerns the death of Krook, but Krook died of spontaneous combustion, and the pathological details could not be accepted by any medical men. For his account of the death of Krook he will go bail, but takes no credit to himself in having drawn, in Dick Swiveller, not only a most laughable character, but a wonderful portrait of the feverish and irresponsible alcoholic subject, the man who drinks to satisfy no craving for drink, but simply to ensure that "the fire of the soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather." It is these topers whom a good restricting influence can entirely reform, and that Dick should find moral and material salvation with his "Marchioness" is a sound piece of medical history.

The death of Krook was dramatic, terrible, picturesque, and fitting, and as such should be let go free of all criticism. Improbable it certainly was, but this fact did not affect the story in any way. It was an isolated, if highly unusual, event; and it does not seem to me that Dickens's use of spontaneous combustion was other than perfectly fair in fiction. The story did not depend on Krook's dying in this way; it is not suggested that it was a usual form of death, and no one considers that a novelist ought to be a pathologist. When, however, the book was published, Dickens took the field in defence of his medical learning, resenting some criticism by George Henry Lewes, himself, by the way, no pathologist and an inaccurate if learned man. He demolished Lewes, but convinced no one; and the verdict of medicine to-day is that there is no such thing as spontaneous combustion. But the occurrence was, in my opinion, a legitimate episode in a novel, and Marryat used it with some effect in "Jacob Faithful," his best novel in many respects. The public could not be seriously misled, save such an unreasonable portion of them as should essay to quote Dickens as an ultimate pathological authority; while the warning against drink and dirt conveyed by Krook's dreadful end has a salutary object.

The medicine of the sick mind, of the disordered intellect, and of unbalanced emotion permeates Dickens's novels; of the named diseases he makes little or no mention. When it was necessary for his story to plan a murder by poison, or to remove a superfluous character by a zymotic, he does not specify the drug or the fever. He had some knowledge as to the symptoms and course of pulmonary tuberculosis, and was acquainted with the general features of malaria, though he blundered in several ways in his description of the malady. The circumstances of the crimes with violence, which are prominent in several works, do not follow surgical rules, though he was never absolutely wrong, that I can recall. But save in the instance of Krook's death he never insisted that he was absolutely right, being content to use medicine as an aid to the plot and nothing more, and believing that he had drawn very little upon it for the success of his romances. In truth his books are replete with sound medical observation.

To pass to his treatment of the profession of medicine as a profession we find it equally sound; but here, instead of being an unconscious and imaginative philosopher, he is a gay and libellous reporter. He writes, with his characteristic qualities of whimsicality and exaggeration, of the general practitioner as he has met him. He is not in the least flattering to medicine and

barely touches on the higher ideals of those who practise it.

No doctor plays more than a very subsidiary part in the big romances, and no stress is laid upon the display by any one of them of fine intellectual or moral qualities. Allan Woodcourt, the young surgeon who marries Esther Summerson, is the single exception that occurs to me of this general rule, and the presentment is quite unconvincing and uninteresting. But if there are no stagey medical heroes, so there are no stagey medical villains. Dickens gives us the doctors whom he knew, the general practitioners whom he had observed about their business. He drew them in a spirit of amiable if extensive caricature, and the few lines devoted to them give a very fair picture of several types of early and mid-Victorian family doctors. Dr. Parker Peps in "Dombey and Son," and the unnamed surgeon in "Little Dorrit" are the two principal portraits of the consultant class drawn by Dickens. The first is a comical libel upon any individual physician, and yet the character has many happy points. We may be permitted to wonder how the Parker Peps of the first chapter, where he is a celebrated obstetrician, has developed into the general consultant by the time he stands at little Paul's death-bed. The transformation is an error in detail. Allowing for the fact that elaborate specialism is largely a thing of to-day, still there is a mistake here; for the practice of midwifery, more than at the present time, was half a century ago a thing apart. The unnamed distinguished practitioner whom Mr. Merdle, the eminent financier and thief, consulted with regard to his health, is a medical Tulkinghorn—he keeps close watch on his patients, preserves their secrets, commands their confidence, and enjoys the power that he thus secures. This is hinted at, not labored over as it is in Mr. Tulkinghorn's case, but the impressions produced are identical. We can see, in Mr. Merdle's adviser, the man of the world, knowing so much of the seamy side that he is necessarily disillusioned, kind, tolerant, and witty. At least I think I can see all that, though vision is helped by only a few sentences.

Dr. Bayham Badger, Mr. Chillip, Mr. Losberne, and Mr. Jobling are far more closely observed. They may be taken as typical examples of Dickens's attitude towards the general practitioner. It is the attitude of Mr. Merdle's medical adviser—critical and tolerant. Dr. Bayham Badger, "Mrs. Bayham Badger's third," is a more or less fashionable doctor, and the sketch of the socially ambitious middle-class man is very acute. This pink-and-white crisp-looking gentleman, with a meek voice and surprised eyes, was probably quite a successful general practitioner, but he never could have had any sense of the meaning of his profession and never could have desired to get more out of it than a secure and, if possible, rising social position. An ass and a snob, he may very well have known the routine of his work, and would in all circumstances have behaved with decorum. He was a safe man.

Mr. Jobling was essentially an unsafe man. This accomplice of knaves, the tout of Montague Tigg, himself touted for by undertaker and nurse, belonged to an evil school. The amount of harm that a corrupt practitioner can do, much of it quite unconsciously, is indicated in Jobling's character. "We know a few secrets of nature in our profession, Sir," said Mr. Jobling. "Of course we do. We study for that; we pass the Hall and the College for that; and we take our station in society on that." (Note that Dickens knew the regular double qualifications under which the English

doctor usually practised at the time—most novelists would have given Jobling some impossible degree.) But Jobling took his own station in society upon nothing so orthodox and creditable as his diplomas. Whether he was a skilled practitioner or not, his success was clearly due to the fact that he was not nice in his morals, and his unscrupulousness was a direct link in the chain between Jonas Chuzzlewit and murder.

Mr. Chillip, the meek and mild medical man who officiated at the birth of David Copperfield, is an excellent character as far as he goes; we may well consider him next, to obliterate the disagreeable impression left upon us by Mr. Montague Tigg's "Jobling, my dear fellow." Mr. Chillip's professional life is duly observed. He moves in the social scale that the village doctor would do, and his kindness and amiability get success for him, as they ought. His goodness and simplicity are transparent, and in the sphere of life where his path lay we may be sure that he was an ever-pleasant as well as ever-present help in time of trouble. The same may be said of fat Mr. Losberne, who "splintered up"—Dickens meant "put up in splints"—Oliver Twist's arm, and who so gaily dislodged Mr. Giles, butler and doer of the deed, from the position of hero which he had assumed.

The family medical adviser is referred to casually in nearly every novel, but the four selected for mention are the most carefully drawn portraits. Their sum total cannot be regarded as altogether satisfactory. For all are ridiculous, and one is highly so. None is ever placed in any position where the possession of high principles would be tested, and one would certainly have broken down under the slightest test. But three are good fellows, and it is not suggested that, within their limitations, they do not all do their work efficiently.

The way, however, to see how far Dickens was intending to be harsh to the medical profession as a whole is to look for a moment at his treatment of the other professions. The law, of which he had some practical knowledge both as clerk and police reporter, is lampooned throughout. The lawyers are far more important to the stories than the doctors are, and their record of villainy is prodigious. Sampson Brass and Uriah Heep are first-class villains; Vholes, Dodson, Fogg, Stryver, and Pell are very unpleasant people; Jaggers of Little Britain, so burly and bullying, immersed in court business of a criminal kind, has this in common with Tulkinghorn of Lincoln's Inn, so close and irresponsive, the silent depository of family confidences—neither does anything from a high motive, though I have a habit of liking them both. Eugene Wrayburn, whimsical and fascinating, is an unconscious bounder; Hiram Grewgious and Perker are the best of a poor lot morally; the second is honest and competent, while the first is a good man.

The Church is condemned otherwise—it is hardly ever mentioned in the books at all as a social or useful force. Think of what this means. These lengthy and complicated romances, containing over two thousand characters, and for the most part dealing with contemporary life—though the phases of that life and the individuals who live it may be rendered by a teeming imagination in terms of cubisms, rather than of photography—contain, as far as I can remember, only one clergyman worth recording for his virtues. Quite a large proportion of the names in any dictionary of Dickens's characters would fall under the headings of unfortunate, poor, sick, crazy, or bad. Yet in how few instances do the min-

istrations of religion, as proffered by the ordained representatives, play any part in the drama. The chapter at Cloisterham and its breezy boring minor canon, Mr. Crisparkle, play no part in the tremendous dramas about them, and the bishop who dined with Mr. Merdle to meet the Barnacles is a jokelet. Oliver Twist went through his terrible association with crime of the meanest as well as of the gravest sort on the spot where Mackonochie and Stanton became part and parcel of daily life, and where the seeds that have been sown bear copious harvest on unpromising soil. No hint is given by Dickens of any sympathy by the clergy with those who have strayed from the fold. True, the Church at the accession of Queen Victoria was not active in the spheres in which Sikes, Nancy, Fagin, and John Dawkins moved; but it is surprising that neither did Dickens's imagination prompt him to describe the servant of God working in such a blasted vineyard, nor did his magnificent sense of justice move him, so far as I remember, to urge an apathetic institution to carry on some work of reclamation. I recall no passages of the sort in his works. The Reverend Frank Milvey, "officially accessible to every blundering old woman who had incoherence to bestow upon him . . . expensively educated and wretchedly paid," who toiled all day and night "out Holloway direction," stands up as a very St. Francis in an imaginary world where no others compete with him for canonization. Compared with Dickens's treatment of the legal profession, which he manhandled bitterly, riotously, and with gorgeous humor, and with his treatment of the clerical profession, which for practical purposes he ignored, I find his qualified regard for medicine complimentary.

If none of Dickens's medical men stay much in our memories, the exact contrary may be said of his students and his nurses. Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig, Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, are as well known as Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff, Sydney Carton, and Mr. Pickwick himself. They come, I think, within the scope of a consideration of medicine in Dickens, but I only propose to say a few words about them. With regard to the nurses, Dickens drew what he had seen, and helped a public, rocking with mirth, to appreciate the existence in its midst of a filthy and dangerous scandal. With regard to the students, Dickens also drew what he had seen, and the injustice to medical students lay in his attributing to students of medicine all the loose habits of students in general, and then typifying students in general by two particularly special examples. It is the old but none the less sound defence of those who would explain the almost boundless exaggeration of some of Dickens's characters to say that he drew types, not individuals. No one was ever so gorgeously benevolent as the Cheeryble Brothers, so fatuous as Mr. Dombey and Mr. Podsnap, or so irrelevant as Flora Finching and Mrs. Nickleby; they are the exposition of their failings. Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, who were suggested by Pierce Egan's heroes, are the personification of deboshed apprentices; they are not portraits of students, and certainly not of medical students. The observations from life made by Dickens in his youth—he was only twenty-four when he wrote Pickwick—were made in a humble stratum of society, where one young man in training for his calling was much like another. Dickens mixed up all the idle tyros of any trade or calling across whom he came, and a good many of these were not embarking upon any professional career, and presented the quintessence

of their humor and raffishness in two young men with the label of medical student attached to them. By the time he was writing "Bleak House"—that is to say, some fifteen or sixteen years after the publication of "Pickwick"—he knew more; and Richard Carstone (who entered the medical profession in what was then quite the orthodox manner, under the tutelage of Mr. Bayham Badger), though a tragically inefficient person, was no rowdy.

On the whole, I think Dickens treated medicine well. He placed neither the science nor the practitioner on any pedestal. But that he respected medicine is indicated in several ways. He refrained from introducing into his books pathological travesties, the result of the ill-digestion of text-books. A great sensational novelist, he did not once make a doctor play any leading part as a villain. Lastly, he helped in a very pronounced degree to rescue society from the ministrations of the hopeless class into whose hands the calling of nursing was committed. At the time of his earlier writings, our grandparents suffered much from the nurse-hag. I think of their sorrows with fortitude when I reflect that it is from their sorrows that we derive Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig. Society owes Dickens a double debt for having buried the nurse-hag under inextinguishable laughter.

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PUBLIC OPINION AND WAR.

The advocates of War rest their case sometimes on the material interests it is supposed to advance, and sometimes on the higher ground of the justice it is alleged to achieve, or the character its practice is said to promote. Often the same militarist writer will deftly shift his ground to suit his parry to the thrust of the pacifist argument he happens at the time to be opposing. Meanwhile, the usually complex origin of modern warfare affords a much sounder reason for apparently conflicting pronouncements from those who seek either to justify or to condemn the usage.

But, whatever be the source of it, there undoubtedly exists a tendency in public opinion to take up one of the two points of view commonly distinguished as moral or economic, and to debate the matter from one of these sides to the exclusion of the other. While one section persists in finding the chief reason for international strife in the clash of material interests, another section seeks it in the sphere of morals and psychology; and each seeks the remedy accordingly.

Now every mind will have a natural bias towards one or other of these views. And it is the fact of the existence of this bias, always inclining each of us to regard the remedy in which he most believes to be the one and only specific, which makes it important to convince ourselves of the co-operative value of *both* factors. Working together, they meet the case; but working separately, they will always leave uncovered part of the wide field of human motive.

By way of illustration, those familiar with Mr. Angell's treatment of the problem will not think it an injustice if I say that the bias of his mind in favor of a solution by reasoning based on economic facts is very evident. My own inclination is in the other direction. I believe that in the war against war, a psychological victory has more influence on the final issue

of the campaign than a victory in the field of economics. I think this for two reasons chiefly: first, because the ethical and spiritual aspects of the paramount claim of peace carry that claim into deeper currents of our nature, and bring it closer to the innermost springs of human volition; secondly, because I observe that by far the most commanding of the argumentative strongholds of the enemy are quite beyond the range of even the most skilfully directed economic fire.

A little reflection must convince us that the militarist advocate only becomes really dangerous when, by a process of clever special pleading, he takes possession of the highest possible ground for his thesis. This commanding position he will continue to occupy until the public mind is thoroughly convinced that he has no sort of right to it. That conviction cannot be brought about, it may even be delayed, by purely economic reasoning. We pacifists must enter more deeply into the ethical and æsthetical point of view of our opponents. In the words of Professor William James, "so long as anti-militarists propose no substitute for war's *disciplining function*, no moral equivalent of war, so long they fail to realize the full inwardness of the situation."

We must therefore face the fact that, in their own and in the public eye, the military party, in the person of their most influential guides, occupy a sound *moral* position, from which they look down with ineffable scorn on all peace advocacy resting solely on material motives. It is all loftily dismissed as the service of Mammon.

Of course, this assumption of virtue is extremely funny, especially in view of recent revelations affecting the probity of those mighty creatures of Militarism—the patriots of armament production! But however deliciously incongruous, this lofty attitude is widely accepted by the world. And the great public which still bows down before "the God of Battles" is quite ready to accept the patter of his priests, who, with engaging candor, deny "neither the bestiality, nor the horror, nor the expense of war," but declare that war is *worth* them, and that, "taking human nature as a whole, its wars are its best protection against its weaker and more cowardly self, so that mankind cannot *afford* to adopt a peace-economy."

Now the first axiom in all campaigning is not to underrate the enemy; and the next is to concentrate on his strongest positions. Consequently, I hold it to be necessary to measure ourselves against the militarist at his seeming best, and not to fail in pursuit when he leaves the lower levels of life. There is no auguster thing on earth than the tribunal God has set up in the consciences of men. And if in that Highest Court our suit is undefended and judgment goes by default, we shall not be found to have greatly advanced our cause in the public mind because in some lower court, and on lesser counts like expediency and interest, we may have won a well-advertised verdict. Arguments which chiefly depend on questions of pecuniary profit and loss cannot, in the long run, hold their own against arguments even colorably fortified by moral sanctions.

To put it another way: Through various mis-teachings and mistakes, militaristic theories have been made to commend themselves very widely indeed to the moral consciousness of the world. It is this appeal to an *imperfectly developed moral sense* which gives to militarism its greatest power to deceive mankind. But the power of that appeal can never be weakened in the smallest degree by even the cleverest and most convincing arguments

from expediency or interest. The position is completely immune from economic attack, and can never be carried except by a further development of the moral sense, a fuller enlightenment of conscience, which will reveal the present perversion of its judgment.

These are some of the main considerations which make it eternally impossible to exclude the moral factor, and which tend to give it dominating importance in the war against war. But I am well aware that other minds incline the other way, and we ought to try and appreciate their attitude. They study history. They picture the world of the past. They recalled how it fawned upon its tyrants and crucified its Saviours—how it captured and corrupted even the very faiths intended to raise it into liberty and peace, till violence and persecution, crusades and dragonnades, are words which still carry an aroma which connects them with religion, or at least with a counterfeit dominant for centuries. Or, again, they look around, and picture the world as it is. They see how it pays little or no heed to love either of God or man, but is for ever spending and being spent on open defiance of doctrine the most fundamental and the most Divine ever given on this earth. They see how each new marvel of scientific ingenuity is prostituted and debased to the service of the devil of Destruction at the bidding of Jealousy and Greed.

Who can effect surprise if, in view of all this, many a lover of his kind grows impatient to substitute for a morality which seems so impotent a fresh and original gospel founded on economic facts? Surely the temptation is strong to turn to us moralists and say, "Your dreams, your idealism, your religion, even your Christianity (so-called), have almost totally failed. The nations are still in bondage to this cruel fetish of force. Civilization itself will soon be crushed beneath the burden of its own insurance against this futile ferocity of war. You have had your turn. Your gospel is stale. Your day is done. Leave things now to us, and we will so present the new facts, which the last forty years of progress have furnished, as to spoil the Egyptians and win for the world the promised land of Peace. Never mind if the war-spirit refuses to be exorcised in the name of Christ, since we can cure men of this mania by invoking those idols of the market-place which already command the real worship of the natural man."

Here, then, are two different schools of thought. On the one side are the older heroes, like Channing and Tolstoi and Stead; on the other, such newer champions as Angell and Novikow and Fried. Now, if we were called upon to choose one only of these two main lines of pacifist endeavor to the total exclusion of the other, many, judging between the new wine and the old, would say, "the old is better." But my chief object is to show that we are not shut up to any such choice at all. I am convinced that the vitality and vigor, as well as the comprehensive breadth of the peace movement, will be indefinitely enhanced by the recognized co-operation of these two schools, by the free mingling of the new blood with the old. I do not think that men like Baron d'Estournelles or Frederic Passy, for instance, would have agreed with our great Russian prophet in condemning economic attack on the militarist position.

It is high time to convince ourselves that what is called the old pacifism and what is called the new are not mutually exclusive, but synthetically allied. Both are necessary; and neither can ever become an adequate

substitute for the other. Their co-operative value needs no elaborate demonstration, since it is perfectly plain that in so far as "interest" of the market type is held by the war-monger to be "the only motive on which a nation can be expected to act"—the Mahan position of 1908—so far it is exactly met by the gospel of *The Great Illusion*. But in whatever degree the purpose of armaments is conscientiously held to be something infinitely higher and nobler than economic advantage—which is the Mahan position of 1912, and that of the *Quarterly Review* of July in the same year—in that degree Mr. Angell's fundamental proposition is inadequate. It cannot meet a militarist contention moving in a different plane. The full strength of the peacemaker's position is not made clear until both factors, material and spiritual, freely co-operate, and their synthetic relation is recognized. The quick changes so frequent in militarist "protective coloring" can only thus be adequately countered.

I have already confessed my own bias in favor of the value of the moral factor. I now offer three considerations which enhance the importance of the other. The first from the condition of the world to-day; the second from the nature of things; the third from the nature of man.

1. Although it may be true that the great wars of history were not waged for Economic gain, but in pursuit of Ideals—national, dynastic, imperial, or religious—yet in these modern days of far greater economic pressure, of increased and increasing populations, of ceaseless effort by every class to realize a higher standard of comfort, new elements have undoubtedly appeared among the possible causes of war. There exists an ever-recurrent demand for fresh markets, to correspond with the enormous and ever-growing output of modern industrial activity, and with the almost miraculous facilities for communication, transport, and exchange. Such altered conditions in the world of to-day undeniably give prominence to the economic aspect of every great nation's life, and therefore to that aspect of the problem of peace and war.

2. Then turn for a moment to the very nature of things. When military leaders constantly, and even diplomatists occasionally, assert the blessing and beneficence of war, a few fundamental facts, albeit of a material kind, may easily prove the most relevant reply. For example, mankind lives his natural life on this earth solely and entirely by the exploitation of our planet; and the general average condition of the peoples can be improved and raised to a higher level only by a more complete exploitation of the forces of nature. This ubiquitous conflict with natural forces, but not with fellow-men, actually constitutes that "war ordained of God" which abundantly provides the "disciplinary function" which militarists imagine would be lost to the world on the disappearance of the cult of slaughter.

Now this more complete exploitation of natural forces depends, in the present state of civilization, upon capital, intelligence, and manual labor. But, since war is bound to destroy not only an enormous amount of capital but a host of the ablest heads and hands, it is therefore evident that every war must reduce the general well-being of the peoples who inhabit this planet.

The main force of such argument as the foregoing depends, of course, upon temporal and material considerations; but inasmuch as the temporal good of all is here opposed to any supposed selfish and sectional interest, there is a moral aspect also involved. It is, in fact, impossible entirely to isolate

either factor if you look at life as a whole.

3. If we turn from the nature of things to reflect on the nature of man, the view I am urging is reinforced. We are at present neither angels nor spirits, but men and women, with bodies as well as souls, living not in heaven but on earth, and therefore subject to the conditions of our physical environment. That being so, the material side of things is bound to be insistent, and witness appealing to that aspect of life is evidently wanted. When we remember the dominance, until quite lately, of materialism in the world of thought, when we reflect on the habit still prevalent with large masses of mankind of regarding the spiritual as a mere accessory to nature, something altogether secondary to the material and mundane, a novel presentment of the case for peace from the most familiar side of life was just the thing to arrest general attention and "make itself felt in the modern world."

It seems clear, then, that the tendency with the followers of either of these two main schools of thought to form a habit of separating between them in their minds by a hard and fast line is a bad one. A certain bias will always be at work tending to make us *disengage* the moral and economic aspects of our subject. We are too ready to consider each in its own separate content, without taking sufficiently into account the action and reaction upon it of the other. This tendency is to be deprecated, because it often leads to misrepresentation, and always helps to obscure the co-operative value of the twofold message. It is possible that the brilliant leader of the economic case against war was at first a little too disposed to think of it as covering all the ground. But if that was so, he has now abandoned this idea, for, in addressing the British Association last year he devoted himself to emphasizing the moral factor involved, and its close connection with the economic. Still more recently we find Mr. Angell writing thus: "The basic fact of the whole matter is certain ideas concerning the relations of one state to another . . . we are unable to imagine that civilization has any other mode of enforcing its will (than a display of brute strength) . . . and if we could see this, we could not avail ourselves of such means since we cannot act together. The *temper* we have created unfits us for action as a community." Now it is, of course, precisely this intimate relation between "basic fact" and "temper" which is continually forcing our problem beyond the range of economics into the region of psychology, where factors other than material must be prepared to deal with it.

In thinking of the co-operative value accruing from the action and reaction of different aspects and statements of the case for peace, it should be remembered that the intensely practical content of the mundane and material argument may well prove a valuable tonic, from the intellectual side, to every apostle of another and an older Gospel. When one has long been taunted as a dreamer, an idealist, a visionary, or a crank, it is very refreshing to come across a demonstration that solid facts of modern life, even on its material side, are definitely moving, and forcing the world onward toward the identical goal indicated by the deepest currents of our inner life.

Then what a challenge to the Churches is the advent of this new ally! The Christian Church exists to embody the spirit of Christ's teaching. And if the conscience of the world is still too undeveloped to respond to that spirit, the first duty of Christ's Church is to work at its enlighten-

ment. The bare fact that a "New Pacifism" should even *seem* to have become necessary for the relief of a Christian world is a challenge to all Christendom no longer to separate the service of man from the service of God, no longer to divorce the two great loves which Christ for ever joined into one law, on true fidelity to which all else depends.

Many bitter attacks are made against material reasoning for peace on the ground of its so-called "selfishness." But this charge can only be maintained by recourse to misconstruction. What may be called the common-sense argument can never be made to sound ignoble unless the full aim and intention of those who use it is first obscured. Certainly, an appeal to "interest" *may* be of a mean and contemptible kind; but, on the contrary, it may involve, include, and promote issues of the noblest sort. And when, as here, the interest appealed to—interest in human welfare and progress—is so general as to be not merely national, but international, nay universal—to speak of this as though it were in any way analogous to "self-interest" is absurd. And when a leading Review describes the vision of the future opening before Mr. Angell's mind as one "in which the lowest form of selfishness takes the place of patriotism," I call this an instance of the worst abuse of language—a travesty of the truth.

There is a well-known saying about glass houses and stone-throwing. And since the essence of selfishness is *exclusiveness*, the kind of argument for war advanced by this same writer is vitiated in this very way. For instance, he elaborates the phenomenal industrial progress of Germany since 1870, and then insists on attributing it all to an immensely enhanced *moral* induced throughout the whole people as the direct result of victorious war. The contention, of course, holds no water, for, in so far as Germany's striking development had its rise in a new national spirit, that spirit was born of the *unification* of the German peoples, which might have been effected long before, quite apart from war with France, had not the petty German potentates so tenaciously clung to their beloved right each to make war at will on his neighbor. But let that pass. We will suppose the reviewer to have a right to the point he makes, and that latent power was suddenly developed in all the German people solely as the result of their victorious achievement against France. Then, I ask—after all this special pleading for the splendid effects of war—where do the vanquished come in? If it be victory which thus elevates and inspires, then the very opposite must be expected from defeat. But defeat is, equally with victory, a part and consequence of war. It therefore follows that these high moral gains, so proudly vaunted by the militarist advocate, can only fall to one people at the cost of corresponding losses to another. On the other hand, even the lowest and most material argument that ever was urged in the cause of peace is, at all events, free from the palpably selfish stigma which intrinsically attaches to any war-won national gain through another nation's loss. The glory of the gains of peace, whether moral, or material, or both together, consists in those gains falling, like the sunshine and the rain, on all alike and at the cost of none.

Thus, then, the moral and material, wherever we look, are really found to be inseparable. When all is said that can be said on the material side, we are bound to come back, with Mr. Angell himself, to the "basic" need of a new "temper," a new mind, a new will. On this, first and last, will al-

ways depend the *camaraderie* of nations, the strong bond of good feeling and regard which alone maintains good-will and makes all thought of war abhorrent. It is this which has abolished the hereditary enmity of centuries between England and France. It is this which has banished sentinel and warship from 4,000 miles of frontier between America and Greater Britain. And if such mutual confidence can exist between Anglo-Saxons who have not yet quite attained a Peace Centenary, who shall count it impossible between Saxon and Teuton who have not fought each other for a thousand years?

With a new mind, a new temper, a new will, those sinister figures of Jealousy, Suspicion, and Mistrust will rule no more in the Chancelleries of London and Berlin. And then the Concert of Europe, too long the derision of the world, may become the embryo of that Federal Union, that International constitution, which Lord Salisbury looked forward to, and which Sir Max Waechter has done so much to prepare for.

To aid in the advance of this "new temper," let us freely use sound reasoning from every source, and never lose sight of the co-operative value of the material and the spiritual.

The loftiest ideal, before it can be realized on this earth, must encounter material problems, and utilitarian argument has its own proper part to play. Nevertheless, "an ideal which the imagination may clothe with a divine nimbus" will often prove of greater effect in influencing conduct than the clearest motives of expediency enunciated by the reason. Therefore, let us draw upon the forces of religion to drive home the lessons of philosophy, since after our brains have been convinced of what is wise and right, we shall still need a *motive* to dispose us to pursue it. And until the true conclusion has become "operative in the minds and conduct of nations," the most lucid and cogent logic in the world will be exercised in vain.

W. Leighton Grane.

The Contemporary Review.

MA MÈ.

By Sir Charles Crosthwaite, K.C.S.I.

The portal of the stairs leading up to the great Buddhist shrine, known as the Shwè Dagon Pagoda, is guarded by two huge forbidding monsters that seem to warn the pious from nearer approach. To the disciples of Gaudama they convey, it may be, a meaning deeper and different. They may remind them that the beginning of life is the evil, not the end of it: that they should draw near to the holy place with no desire to live, but with a longing to be rid for ever of existence with its sorrows, its passions, and its illusions.

With his first upward step the pilgrim leaves the sordid life of the bazaar that almost touches the sacred doors. He passes through the lower stages of existence, the horror and misery of which are brought home to him by the leprous, the maimed, the blind—the types of misery in all forms which crouch on either side of the stairs.

As he mounts upward, the great teak pillars, the carved and gilded ceilings speak to him of higher forms of life and hopes of attaining to nobler things. Still the ascent is labored and the full light of day withheld. He struggles on, scorning the temptation to rest.

At last, weary and breathless, he

reaches the topmost stair; and lo! before him in the full light of day and open to the heavens lies a vast flagged court in the midst of which rises the great pyramid of gold which marks the spot where the relics of the Great Teacher lie buried. Here, if anywhere in this existence, the pious disciple, far removed above the noise and turmoil of human life, may be able to free his soul from illusions and let it stretch forth towards the peace of Nirvana.

But like most of those who worship at other shrines, the disciples of Gaudama who come to the Shwè Dagon have not these high ideals. They come with the selfish thoughts and objects of mankind; not to subdue passion and kill desire, but to plead and entreat for themselves, for husband or wife or child; to strive in prayer with some power they do not know, in whose existence the Great Teacher forbade them to believe, and for objects he would have had them despise.

Ma Mè was toiling slowly up the long steps leading to the platform of the great Pagoda. She was an elderly woman; as Burman women count their years, almost an old woman; and her dress looked poor and shabby in the throng of gaily-clad people crowding the broad stairs. For it was a festival day.

Ma Mè was toiling slowly up the long stairs, weak from age and hunger, and heavy also with sorrow. She had come that morning from Tharrawaddy, traveling by the railway which the foreign heretics had made, the fire road worked by what force she did not know and did not ask. She took it as she took the sun and the moon, the wind and the rain, and her present hard, joyless life.

Her home was in a little village on the edge of the forests which clothe the western spurs of the Pegu hills, a country where every male child is born a brigand, and where no good-looking girl will speak to a man who has not seen service under some robber captain.

She was making her way slowly up the long flights of steps. Now and again she would stop to rest. The stairs were steep and irregular, and once or twice when a step of unexpected height came in, Ma Mè would stumble and almost fall. There were many people coming up and many going down, and no one saw or cared to look at Ma Mè. The great staircase was a street of little shops where were set out toys of all sorts—quaintly colored puppets moved by strings, brass images of Buddha, and candles for the pious to set before the shrines; above all candles, for few would leave to-day without lighting one or more wax candles to burn before some favored shrine.

Ma Mè was slowly toiling up, for she was not only worn with age and sorrow, she was also faint with hunger. At dawn, before she left her home to walk to the railway station, eight miles or more from the forest village, she had eaten some rice saved over from yesterday's meal, and it was now past noon. She was still a long way from the top when a deadly faintness seized her. She sat down on a step, and tears marked their way down her dust-stained face. A good girl who had a refreshment stall beside the stair on which Ma Mè sat saw the poor woman. Pity came into her heart. She stopped powdering her face and arranging the flowers in her smooth black hair. "Mother," she said, "you look sad and tired. Take something to eat from my stall."

"Alas, daughter," said Ma Mè. "I have only a few small coins left; I must keep them to pay for my shelter to-night, as I have no friends in Rangoon."

But the girl said, "Never mind, you can pay me afterwards. In any case it is a good work and will be counted to me for righteousness in my next life." And so Ma Mè ate rice and drank water and was refreshed. Then she stepped out bravely. The rest of the way seemed nothing, although the stairs were of the steepest and the flights long. So she was able to think of the matter which was on her mind and had brought her to Rangoon. Hitherto she had had no thought of anything except of her hunger and her weakness. Her will had driven the poor body on and upward. She knew she must go on, but the reason or object of her journey had passed from her brain.

The food, scanty and simple as it was, helped her memory to work. She remembered that she was going to save her son, the one son still left to her. He was a handsome, brave lad, and good to his mother. Every time he came home he brought her presents —ornaments of gold for her neck and arms; and her simple dress, just a length of cloth to wrap round her loins, had been of the rich silk of Upper Burma, from the looms of Sagaing, and her white bodice of the finest and daintiest muslin. But he had been taken by the police for murder and robbery. Everything had gone to get money to save him, to pay the lawyers and bribe the witnesses. And now she was clad no better than the Tamil coolies, the wretched foreign folk she loathed. All was gone, and she his mother was forced to take alms from the little Rangoon girl at the stall on the stairs. And Hla U, the brave handsome son Hla U, with his mass of black hair and his shiny brown body with the muscles standing out on arms and legs—alas! he could help her no more. He was lying in the foreign heretics' jail, and in seven days he was to die.

It was this had brought her to Rangoon. Yes, Hla U was a brigand and he had taken life. What was that to her? Was he not her son? Some men are born brigands, like Hla U and his father, ay, and his father's father before him. Some who have earned merit in former lives are born to be prosperous and rich, or to become great Ministers, who receive salaries and govern provinces. Others who have lived more perfectly in past existences are born to be pongyis, who live holy lives and are fed by the pious, and at the end "go home." She did not deny that Hla U was a robber and a murderer. He had robbed many villages. He had burnt many houses and taken many lives. But was it not to be counted to him that he had loved his mother; that he had fed the monks; that he had put up rest-houses and provided water for the weary traveller? Was all this to go for nought? Let him make atonement for his crimes. Let him suffer imprisonment, or stripes, or even banishment. Why take his life? Can the dead make atonement or set right the wrong they have done?

Such were the thoughts that passed through Ma Mè's mind as she toiled slowly up the stairs. She had made her petition to the foreign ruler yesterday. He had listened to her, but gave her no hope. Then a neighbor had told her how she had gained her wish and saved her little girl from death by propitiating the spirits at the great Rangoon shrine and by means of the magic wishing-stone. Ma Mè thought she too would go to Rangoon if the omens were good. If the spirits were unkind it would be useless to make the long journey. So she had sent for the *natsaw*, the divining man of the village. One of the fowls pecking about near her house was caught and opened, and the *natsaw* pronounced the omen to be

good. Thus she had come to the great pagoda.

Only a few more stairs to mount. She could already see the light through the door at the top of the stairs. In another moment she had passed out on to the spacious platform. The shrine of Buddha, a mountain of polished gold blazing in the full light of the sun, rises before her eyes. Dazed and awe-stricken, she falls prostrate and puts up her hands in prayer. To whom or to what? Not to Buddha, but to those spirits whose favor it is needful to win, who can be moved by offerings and prayers, and are able, if they choose, to save her son.

It was a festival day, and crowds of men and women were moving to and fro across the great open square. They were all gaily dressed and were full of cheerfulness. Excepting those who knelt or sat in attitudes of devotion before the shrines, they were excited and garrulous. There was war between the British and the Burman King. The air was full of rumors. Strange portents had been seen everywhere. That very night hair had grown on the Sacred Sulè pagoda in the town. Even now a divine light was hovering about the Jewelled Hti, which, forming the summit of the Shwè Dagon, rose far away above their heads almost to the sky.

An excited Burman—by his dress a man of some rank, a clerk, perhaps, in a Government office—was scanning the Hti anxiously with an opera-glass. Now he saw the holy light at one side, now at another; and as he ran quickly from this point to that, so as not to lose the light, and called loudly to the people to look, the crowd swayed in one direction and then in another, and poor Ma Mè was caught in the rush and borne hither and thither like a leaf upon a stream.

At length she found her way to the part of the platform she had been told to seek. There, amidst a group of lifelike and life-sized figures of Gaudama and his disciples, she saw the object of her quest, the magic wishing-stone, an oblong block polished with much handling.

A man lay prostrate in front of the stone with hands raised in supplication. A little while and he was on his knees, moving nearer to the stone until there was just a cubit between his knees and it. He measured the distance carefully, from elbow to finger-tip—a cubit exactly, neither more nor less. Then, bending forward, he gripped the stone in both hands and tried to raise it from the ground. He was a sturdy, strong-backed man, in the prime of life, a boatman likely—anyhow, a strong, muscular man. Soon, breathless and exhausted, he stopped to recover his strength. At this time all the interest lay round the great pagoda, where the miraculous light dancing round like a will-o-the-wisp drew the people first to one side, then to the other. No one came near the man at the stone.

When he had rested he looked behind and about him. Seeing no one at hand—the poor old body Ma Mè did not count—he shuffled an inch or two nearer to the stone—thus do we deceive ourselves—and made a new attempt. Perhaps he had called a stronger faith to his aid—perhaps a more material cause helped him. He took fresh heart and made a heroic struggle. The sweat stood on his brow, and his heaving chest and flanks showed through his linen jacket the mighty efforts he was making. Just as it seemed that he must roll over exhausted, he made one more trial. The stone came up about a finger's-breadth from the ground and then slipped from his forceless hands.

Ma Mè had watched the struggle intently. When she saw the stone move and the joy of success in the man's

face, she took it as a good omen and made deep obeisance to the successful one, who bade her good luck and swaggered off as if he had backed the winning horse at the Rangoon races.

Her heart beat fast and she breathed deeply as she knelt down before the stone. The man who had succeeded did not tell how he had cheated the stone or the spirit which worked through it. He told her to be very careful in measuring the distance, as any mistake might annoy the spirits.

Ma Mè was soon upon her knees in front of the stone. If an intense desire for help can be called prayer, she prayed as earnestly, as intensely, as a human soul can pray. Then she bent forward as she had seen the man bend, and gripped the stone with all the force her small childlike hands could put forth and tried to raise it. Again and again she tried. The cruel stone was immovable as a mountain. No *nat*, no spirit, nothing heeded her prayers. Then her strength failed. She could do no more. She crouched panting for breath, unable to rise.

The people were all afar off. At last, with infinite effort, she staggered to her feet. An Englishman who was wandering around happened to come that way just as she rose. He saw in her face that supreme despair which is "without God and without hope in the world." He gave her a few small coins and turned away very sorrowful.

II.

Ma Mè, more weary and more broken-hearted than when she came, found her way back to the stairs.

As she passed by the stall where the good girl had given her food, the good girl stopped her and bade her rest a while and go down with her. She would show her a rest-house where she could pass the night.

Nestling in a little hollow below the Shwè Dagon, where the road turns to the left towards the Royal Lakes, lies a group of small monasteries and rest-houses scattered about in a grove of tall palm-trees. Led by her friendly guide, Ma Mè found her way to a long hut or house, made of substantial teak framework, which held the floor about three feet above the ground. A ladder or stairs of wood led up to a spacious room, floored with teak. The sides and ends were of bamboo-matting, and were propped open to admit the evening breeze.

It was close on five o'clock. They brought her some boiled rice from a small *kyoung* (monastery) close by, and at sunset she was fast asleep on the hard floor without any wrapping except her scanty clothing. It was enough, for the soft air floating up the river from the sea was not chill.

Before daybreak the chanting of the monks in the kyaungs and the striking of bells awakened her. She made what toilet she could outside under the palm-trees. Her girl friend from the pagoda steps had not forgotten her. She came for Ma Mè and took her to her mother's house in the street leading from the pagoda to the city. There Ma Mè sat and told her tale to the older woman and was comforted somewhat by her pity.

Her listener had strong faith in the spirits which haunt the Sulè pagoda near the river-side wharves. Ma Mè must go there and propitiate them.

So Ma Mè went on, while it was still very early, to the Sulè pagoda which stands on the road-level in a busy part of the town. There were very few of the faithful there. Carts and cabs went noisily by with constant creaking and cries. She could not absorb her soul in prayer or meditation. So after a while she got up from her attitude of devotion and went on. Turning to the right, she passed along a broad street with shops, mostly kept by Chinamen, on one side, on the other

houses and wharves. Here and there yellow-skinned Chinamen were washing their spare bodies at the hydrants along the road. For Rangoon is a well-found town, and the people for the most part think it meet to keep their bodies clean.

Passing near an eating-house, the sight of some country people sitting at a table eating reminded her that she was hungry. She remembered the coins the Englishman had given her. So she stopped and ate some cooked rice hot out of the pot, and a little salt fish to flavor it, and took a draught of cool fresh water. Then, taking example from the Chinamen, she stopped at one of the hydrants and washed her face and hands and feet—a woman could not do more in a public place,—and then she wandered on.

The road Ma Mè was now following ran parallel to the river. Masts of great sailing-ships and funnels of steamers could be seen now and again through gaps in the houses. And the tall masts showed even above the buildings. Passing on, she came to a large building of stone, quite different from the shops and dwelling-houses she had seen hitherto. It bore what seemed to Ma Mè a religious look, for it had a tower and a spire rising from it, and bells were tolling from the tower. There was a great door at the west end, and people were going in by it. The people were mostly foreign folk. But a few Burmans also went in. Now and then a carriage drove up and English people got out and went into the building. These were evidently the rich and great people. At length a larger carriage came up drawn by big foreign horses. The coachman and grooms were dressed in scarlet, and two mounted soldiers rode behind it. It stopped before the door. A lady and a gentleman got out. The groom who opened the carriage-door held a large white umbrella over the lady as she walked to the door, and the foreigners standing on the steps took off their hats to her and the gentleman with her.

Ma Mè felt sure that this must be the great English governor who ruled the province, the *Maha Mingyi*. It entered her mind to rush forward, throw herself at his feet, and crave mercy for her son. But she might be mistaken. She looked round for some one whom she could ask. While she hesitated the *Maha Mingyi* and his wife went in, the bell stopped, one or two people came hurrying up the steps and entered. She would wait until the great man came out. She sat down on the stones in front of the door. She feared to go inside.

After a little while, seeing there was no one to stop her, she moved nearer and nearer. She could now see in. Surely it was, as she had thought, a *pongyi kyaung*. She went a little nearer still, and now the whole inside was visible. At the far end was a raised dais with steps up to it, and a matted path from the door at which she sat led up through the middle of a great hall to the steps. Above the dais was a many-colored window such as Ma Mè had not seen before, with a picture in it of one in beautiful robes, with a golden light about his head. On the dais stood a table with a white cloth on it embroidered in gold. On the table were many beautiful things, doubtless offerings given to the pongyis by the faithful, but there were no beautiful silver balls hung about as there were in the kyaung at Tharrawaddy. What these things were she could not well see, but there were some drinking vessels of silver among them. In front of the table stood a man in flowing white robes, talking to the people, and reading out of a book.

Below the dais on either side were rows of men in white robes sitting down, and in front of them were ranks

of boys likewise in white garments, and many of these boys Ma Mè knew by their features and color were of her own race. These, she thought, were the novices. She had no doubt now that this was a kyaung of the foreign folk. In rows of benches on either side of the middle passage sat numbers of the devout, all facing the dais and listening to the words of the pongyi in the white robes.

Then music burst forth, and the men and boys in white sang. The music pleased her, although it did not touch her heart like her own Burman music. Still it made her wish to join in the devotions.

Creeping still nearer, Ma Mè saw that some of the benches nearest to the door were empty. On a chair on one side of the door was a man whom she took to be a pongyi of lower degree, as he had seemed to receive the people as they came, and he was dressed in a tight black gown. He had looked askance at her from the door, and she was afraid of him. But now he was fast asleep. It was getting very warm, and no doubt he had heard the pongyi who was talking many times before.

A great wish to pray in this kyaung came upon Ma Mè. These white foreigners were very rich and powerful. They had carried off the great king. and had taken all the country from the sea up to the mountains of China. The *nats* whom these people worshipped must needs be very mighty *nats.* She drew nearer. The man in black was still asleep. So she crept in and crouched down between two of the empty benches unseen by any one. She made obeisance, and prostrated herself before the figure in the stained window, craving help for her son.

A little while and the music ceased. Another pongyi dressed like the other, but in looser and more flowing robes, came on to the dais and knelt before the table with uplifted hands. After a short time he stood up, and, facing the congregation, he read out of a book, and soon all the devout began to stand up and move towards the dais, and those nearest to it began to kneel on the steps.

Ma Mè thought the time had now come, and she also rose and moved up the matted path and toward the dais. The people in front of her were beginning to kneel down. She could now see the pongyis clearly. One of them was an old man with grey hair. She thought that he was a sadaw or head pongyi, and that she had seen him at Tharrawaddy. Once he looked towards her, and his look was gentle and kind. The pongyis seemed to be inviting the people to come and kneel down, although, of course, she did not understand what they said. She wished to kneel down also with the others, for no doubt they were propitiating the spirits.

Just then she felt some one seize her by the arm. Turning, she saw the inferior monk in the black dress who had been sleeping by the door. He grasped her arm and motioned to her to come away. When he had taken her a few steps away he whispered in Burmese that she must go out at once. He looked angrily and threateningly at her, and she was afraid. But she held back, unwilling to go. He grasped her tight, and told her she would be punished for coming in. Pulling her down to the door, he pushed poor Ma Mè out. The people were too much occupied with their devotions to see Ma Mè. They were all looking the other way, or perhaps one of them might have stopped the inferior pongyi from putting her out, and might have permitted her to stay in the kyaung while they were praying. Do not the foreigners walk about the sacred precincts of the pagodas in

their shoes, and without any tokens of respect or reverence?

After the man in the black dress had thrust her forth, Ma Mè sat down in the road outside the gates and wept. If the pagoda *nats* would not hear her, and if the white men would not let her pray with them to their *nats*, where was she to look for help—what was she to do? She wished for death; but if she died, who would strive to save Hla U? No; before she sought death she would try once more what the pagoda spirits would do for her. She must go once more to the magic stone. If she failed, then——

With these thoughts in her mind Ma Mè turned back by the way she came, and stood once more at the portal of Shwè Dagon, where the forbidding monsters keep guard.

We need not go with her again up the long flight of steps. They were much as they had been the day before, only there were fewer people going up and down. The good girl at the food stall had no customers, and was redeeming the time with rice-powder and hand-mirror, which she put down to talk to Ma Mè and ask her to stop. But Ma Mè would not stop. She had eaten the simple meal which sufficed her for the day, and she had no heart for talk with any one. She would wait, she said, until she came back, and so went on her way upward. When she came out on the spacious platform she made many prostrations, and at every shrine she passed she stopped to tell her beads, and repeat the few texts of the Law that she knew by rote, and made many vows of offerings to the *nats* if only they would hear her prayers.

It took her quite a long time to reach the out-of-the-way corner of the great square where the wonder-working stone lay.

There was a deep silence all round the Shwè Dagon to-day, so few people were there. It was like the quiet in a great cathedral when no service is going on. High above, almost in the clouds it seemed, the little silver bells on the Hti of the pagoda were making sweet music. Everything was peaceful and devotional.

At last Ma Mè reached the spot she was seeking. There lay the great stone. There sat the disciples of Gaudama in attitudes of intent listening to the words of their master. Or was it the tinkling bells that they heard? Whatever it was, their looks told of the peace it was bringing to their souls, and some slight touch of their calm seemed to reach Ma Mè and lighten her misery.

Now she drew near to the stone and prostrated herself in all the fervor of prayer of which her soul was capable. She did not ask herself to whom or to what she was praying. Her religion, so far as she was a Buddhist, did not teach her to pray, and did not recognize prayer. She had no thought of worshipping the stone any more than the old women in England who seek to learn the future by opening their Bibles think of worshipping the books. Not so much, perhaps. But she believed that there was a power that could be moved to help her, and that by the agency of the stone this power could be influenced to help, or at least to reveal its will.

But see, Ma Mè is now on her knees before the magic stone measuring the exact cubit neither more nor less from her elbow to her finger-tips. Shaking with excitement and fear of failure, she has gripped the stone in her slender hands and strives to raise it. Is there no one to watch her agony? The images of the disciples sitting around with their calm placid countenances look strange and unconcerned beside the agitated face, the straining eyes, and the clenched mouth of the living woman. The efforts she made

shook her as if they must rend asunder her slender frame. The veins in her head and neck swelled to bursting, and her eyes were starting from their sockets, the sweat dropping from her brow on to the flags of the pavement. Still the stone was not moved. More than once she stopped to prostrate herself. Was she worn out with the efforts she was making and forced to rest; or did she hope by more strenuous prayer, more earnest supplication, to compel the unseen to help her? Who can say?

After a longer interval of rest or prayer than she had yet given herself, she knelt again in front of the stone and measured the distance anew from elbow to finger-tips with painful care. Once more she gripped the stone in her foolish little hands, and drawing a deep breath put forth all her strength. Every nerve and muscle in her frail body was forced to do its very utmost. Did it move or did it not? One more extraordinary effort. Surely the stone did yield; it did rise. A light came into her weary eyes. Some faint shadow of a smile passed over the clenched lips and she fell over on her side, still gripping the stone. Some hours afterwards the pagoda watchmen coming that way found Ma Mè lying dead.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAKE.

"Oh," said Francesca, "that hurt."

"I am sorry," I said, "I had to slap your face. There was a horse-fly feeding on your damask cheek."

"But you needn't have slapped so hard."

"Yes," I said, "I need. These Swiss horse-flies are desperate fellows. A mere handful of them can kill a cow. Francesca, I would not have you perish in your prime."

"But why," she said, "are you stopping again? At this rate we shall never get to Lac Lioson. Come, pull yourself together. The children are far ahead out of sight."

"Let them," I said, "remain out of sight. They have no families, no husbands, no wives, no five-franc pieces, no heavy boots, no cares of any kind; and they have Arthur with them. Arthur is the best of fellows. He will look after them."

"Get up," she said, "and let us press on."

"No," I said, "not yet. In two minutes we will resume our climb. It is the hard-boiled egg that is impeding me."

"Which one?" she said. "You ate three."

"The second," I said, "was the largest. I think it is the second. This will be a lesson to me never to eat more than the first and third."

"There," she said, "Arthur's shouting back. He says it is just round the corner."

"I have learnt," I said, "to distrust Arthur. We have been climbing these precipitous ascents for more than an hour, and, according to Arthur, the lake has been round every corner. You must admit, Francesca, that the corners have been most deceptive."

"Are you going," she said, "to make me ashamed of having brought out a husband who cannot walk?"

"I will admit," I said, "that, if you wanted the husband who would walk to Lac Lioson in record time under a broiling sun, then you brought the wrong one. The one you have brought is an enjoyer of scenery, a smoker of

occasional cigarettes, a taker of his ease, a despiser of the mad rush that is ruining human nature, a man, in fact, who, having rested, is willing to push on gently."

"Push along, then," she said.

"I am not sure," I said, "that 'push' was quite the right word."

"'Drag,'" she said, "would have been better."

"No, 'move' was what I wanted. I will now move on gently with you."

"We shall never catch them up," she said. "They're miles ahead."

"There you go, Francesca. Arthur says it is round the next corner, and you say it is miles away. I refuse to make any further concessions to this lake. From all I hear it is not a real lake at all. It is a mere tarn, a silly little sheet of water up in the mountains. We have plenty of tarns in England."

"But you're not in England," she said. "You're in Switzerland, and you've come out with your wife and family to see Lac Lioson, and if you hadn't sat down and rested about a hundred times you'd have been there by now. If only I had been a man——"

Punch.

"That's just it," I interrupted. "If you had been a man you wouldn't have been so set on seeing this lake. You would have let me rest without worrying me. You wouldn't have made me carry all the girls' sweaters in case they should find it cold at the lake. In fact you wouldn't have wanted to see this ridiculous lake at all. But, being a woman, of course you're quite different."

"At any rate," she said, "this is going to be your last rest. When once you get off that tree-stump you'll have to walk on till you get to the lake."

"Then I shan't get up," I said. "I shall stay here and let you go round all the remaining corners. Leave me, Francesca, and get on to the children. You will find my body here when you come back."

"I will never," she said, "desert Mr. Micawber. Up you get. That's it!"

"Francesca," I said, "for your sake I will put my least damaged foot forward. Let us get to this lake and throw stones at it. One more corner, and——"

It really was the lake this time.

THE LEGITIMATE LIMITS OF THE JOKE.

An interesting letter published in a recent number of the New York *Nation* deals with "The Legitimate Limits of the Joke." Well-bred people, the writer urges, recognize these limits in conversation. The *convenances* are regarded; religious beliefs and personal defects are not made a subject of ridicule. Unfortunately, he complains, no such limitations bind the New York comic press. It is infinitely to be regretted, he continues, that no such paper as the London *Punch* exists in America—a paper "whose humor is as sweet and wholesome as its satire is trenchant."

Apart from the question of the press, and within the limitations laid down by the New York *Nation's* correspondent, the amount of latitude permissible to the humorist in conversation is a subject to which everyone at times has given some thought. We have all been hurt, we have all been bored, and we have all been scandalized by other folk's jests, and we are lucky if they have not at times been hurt, bored, and scandalized by ours. Possibly it has not been alto-

gether their fault. Probably it has not been altogether ours. The due limits of sensitiveness would form a long subject for cogitation.

Within certain broad limitations it is seldom true humor which offends against good taste. We speak, be it understood, of the present day. Good taste is a thing which changes and whose canons are tacit. It is difficult to say what good taste was in the past. No one has been able to define what true humor is, but it is easy to say what it is not. It is not a mixture of cruelty and facetiousness, nor of gaiety and laughter. It is seldom found in jocosity, not very often in chaff. It has very little to do with jollity and nothing at all with buffoonery. There is a strange elusiveness about humor. It is the only quality which every man and woman in the world believe themselves to possess, while fully realizing that its possession is more or less rare. A vast number of people, while thinking themself humorous, do not like humor. They do not like anything but plain, matter-of-fact seriousness. If nothing else were ever expected of them, if they could only bring themselves to expect nothing else from themselves, they would find life more easy and more pleasant. Who in the world would ever say this of himself? Yet we all know it to be true of many of our neighbors. But even they are not as a rule offended but only bored and tired by true humor, just as they are not shocked at, but simply wearied by, set amusements. How many people would as soon—and sooner—never enter a theatre again, never go again to any place of public amusement, and never talk any more nonsense? Ever so many! These are the camp-followers of every new Puritan revival. They are not in the least better than their fellows. They are lacking in certain powers of appreciation. Why they are unable to face the fact of their misfortune it is impossible to say. They seem impelled to call choice renunciation, and to make a virtue of their own natural stolidity. They are sure that they can see a joke, sure even that they can make one. It is a tribute to the importance of humor that human nature so pathetically longs after it—cannot bear to confess, "I am made without it."

But though we believe the pretence of humor to be a *bona-fide* mistake made by half the world, it is yet a mistake which many persons find very profitable. The man with a cruel tongue and a gift of terse expression refuses to repent, on the ground that he is a humorist. When he sees his neighbors wincing he simply says that they are not possessed of a sense of humor. If only they had one, he reasons, they would enjoy being hurt, and he sets to to cure their defect with more unkindness. Naturally he is disliked. He carries joking beyond its due limits, say the many. Only the few know that he has only pretended to joke. Gaiety is very often mistaken for humor. In England it takes a liberal education to make natural gaiety an engaging quality. Unsophisticated gaiety such as one sees at a country fair or a bean-feast, or indeed anywhere on a Bank holiday, is something which no man should grudge to his neighbor, but of which every cultivated man is justified in avoiding the sight. Now and then in an English crowd this gaiety is redeemed by a superadded touch of true humor. The observer who can put up with the hilarity of the crowd is often rewarded by a memorable jest. Gaiety among the sophisticated is, as a rule, confined to the young. It is the outcome of happiness, and is occasionally preserved through life—as a rule existing together with the extremes of selfishness or unselfishness. In this mat-

ter extremes meet. Some people care so little about other people's troubles that if they have none of their own they are quite happy. Others enter so completely into their neighbors' joys that they can never be wholly unhappy on their own account. People representing both these extremes are constantly found without a trace of humor in their constitutions. Where they are humorous they are the best of all possible company—both the good specimens and the bad.

Facetiousness is of the nature of a habit and may or may not exist with humor. It is most often assumed as a kind of covering, and, like a sweet smell employed to overpower a disagreeable one, it is often pleasant at first. Men make use of facetiousness to cover shyness, to cover anger, to hide their social disabilities, their finer feelings, or their momentary thoughts. Shy people are put to all sorts of shifts to hide their painful infirmity. Heroic efforts to seem at ease sometimes take a facetious form. The pleasantry of the shy is constantly ill-timed and sometimes outsteps all bounds in its folly. But it is not their sense of humor which is at fault, but simply their self-consciousness. A sense of humor, if they have one, will now and then, by making them see that their efforts are ludicrous, bring them back again to a seriousness sufficient to save their self-respect. Extreme nervous irritability often takes cover behind a superficial jocosity. When a man is feeling very cross he cannot speak amiably, whether he preach a sermon or strain after a jest. What he says is likely to be bitter—likely to make his hearers think that he forgets the due limits of harmless fun. Only he himself knows that he is not in fun at all, and that oaths would in truth relieve his feelings more than jests. Now and then someone will be suddenly facetious, and that at an unseemly moment, because he or she is deeply moved and has that curious, inhuman horror of betraying emotion which afflicts a few sterling but unsympathetic characters. "His sense of humor carries him away," say his short-sighted friends. But his sense of humor counts for nothing at the moment. Reserve expresses itself in many ways. Folly is a mask which careless people never see through.

The habit of chaffing is another habit which should be confined to those who are really humorous if it is to be even fairly innocuous. Humor is not long-winded; humorous men are seldom bullies, and almost never self-assertive. Again we speak of the present day: the giant humorists of the past combined both these peculiarities with humor. It is safe to say that, unless some form of caress lurks behind chaff, nobody likes it. That is, nobody likes to be chaffed. The reason that this form of unrestrained joking is not considered taboo is simply because so many people love to chaff others that they are willing to put up with a little pain as the purchase-price of pleasure. They intend to do it when next they get a chance, and their sense of justice tells them they must put up with it. The higher up the social scale, and the lower down you go, the greater part does chaff play in social life. But humor is not to be found exclusively, or even disproportionately, in either. Real humor entails a measure of sensitiveness, and, we should say, predominates in the middle class. Mimicry, again, which so often brings jesting into discredit, is often no more than an actor's trick. Real satire is, of course, related to humor, though a sense of satire is occasionally found in those singularly devoid of humor in its engaging forms. Now and then it seems to bear no more relation to humor than the action of

a rat in a hole does to daring. Satiric jests are very often the tactics of verbal despair.

It is probable that as civilization advances the legitimate limits of the joke will be altered. But joking will never cease to be an object of ambition to almost everybody, and consequently it will never cease to be undertaken by those who do not know how to do it. Time may make even them more discreet and softer-hearted. They will become more nonsensical and less unkind. The first essential of a joke is that it should be funny, but that legitimate limit will never be universally recognized till human nature changes.

The Spectator.

BRAZIL AND THE UNITED STATES.

A talented Brazilian diplomatist, Mr. Manoel de Oliveira Lima, who is now Brazilian Minister to Belgium, has written a brief, but learned and suggestive brochure for the consumption of the American public.[1] In his historical survey he points out that Brazil, unlike Spanish colonies, had the good fortune to obtain her independence without a severe struggle. The national dynasty in Brazil was established through the removal of the Portuguese Court from Lisbon to Rio when Napoleon's armies invaded the Peninsula. King John VI. remained in Brazil from 1808 to 1821, and in 1810 the United States sent a Minister to Rio. The proclamation of independence and the establishment of the Empire of Brazil, with Dom Pedro as the first Emperor, dated from 1822. The United States was the first foreign Power to recognize the Empire (May 26, 1824), but in August, 1825, Portugal, by the advice of Canning, also recognized that her own colony had become an independent Empire. The Empire lasted till 1889. Brazil has been, on the whole, the least turbulent of the Latin-American countries —thanks, perhaps, to the readiness with which the Portuguese negroes and Indians have mixed—and it has undoubtedly greater natural wealth than any other. The aim of the pamphlet is to show that the United States and Brazil are and always have been on friendly terms. The main instance is the Brazilian attitude in 1898, when the United States attacked Spain, and the neutrality of Brazil was held to be friendly. On the other hand, Brazil recognized Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico. The fact is that the two countries have till recently had little to do with one another; for the United States possessed in the past but a small navy, and had little leisure, inclination, or power to interfere with countries south of Panama. Now, with the expansion of her foreign trade and her development as an oceanic Power, Washington has become more interested in Brazil and other South American countries. The fact, however, is incontestable that the Northern nation is distrusted throughout Latin-America, though in Brazil the "Yankees" are perhaps welcomed as a counterpoise to Germany. But every South American Republic (in spite of internal factions) is deeply attached to its independence, and all are extremely sensitive on points of national honor. They look with strong suspicion upon North American policy in Central America, where "dollar diplomacy" is thought to be sapping the independence of the weak, distracted, and bankrupt States round

[1] Published by the American Association for International Conciliation. 407 W. 117th street, New York City.

the Panama Canal. The treatment of Colombia, from whom the United States wrested the important Department of Panama, inspired bitter resentment, and when the Canal is completed the power of the United States will, of course, be greatly increased. Señor Calderon recently declared that the Japanese terror and the German terror are accounted little in South America in comparison with the North American terror. The Republics probably do not fear armed aggression; but they are conscious of their own economic weakness, which arises partly from their dependence on loans, partly from their inability to acquire population for their vast territories; and they fancy that the great Northern Power has beeen taking advantage of every circumstance in Mexico and Central America to rivet an economic chain. At present the amount of American capital employed in South America is comparatively small, nor is the United States likely in the immediate future to be a successful commercial rival to Great Britain or Germany. But the economic operations of the American trusts are suspected of a political design which is absent from the purely commercial undertakings of British capitalists and merchants.

It may be that the suspicions of Latin-America are unjustified, but it is unquestionable that they exist; nor are they unnatural. The most effectual way to secure their independence is for each Republic to pursue a peaceful policy, aiming at freer trade and commercial development. Wars have happily been rare among the larger States for many years, and the great Republics have also been almost immune from the disastrous internal turmoils which were long the curse of Latin-America. The increase of their resources and the growth of concord will be their best security against foreign aggression, and will make the professions of goodwill no "more or less perfunctory automatic song of friendly tune," as Señor Lima says. These young Republics have a civilization of their own, which is not of the North American type, and the attempt to regard them as a federation, with the United States as their head, may spread antipathy rather than sympathy. They welcome American trade and rejoice in the friendliness of American diplomacy, as they welcome all foreign co-operation in their peaceful progress; but diplomacy and Congresses are empty things unless they are broad-based upon real goodwill and absence of suspicion. These it is the business of the United States to promote, and this can only be done if its designs are manifestly unselfish.

The Economist.

AT SANCHIDRIAN.

It was full harvest-time throughout Castile. The corn, short in the stalk and light, as is all corn that ripens early, stood ready to be reaped. In places it had been already cut, and lay in sheaves upon the ground. In others it was cut and carried, and again, between some patches, carts loaded high were creaking through the fields, if the word field can be applied to ground that has no hedges or divisions visible to any other eyes than those accustomed from their birth to the brown plains. Across the dusty, calcined steppe the Sud-Express had crawled since daybreak, stopping at every wayside station, jolting and creaking like a bullock wagon. The passengers had

long ceased to look out, and sat perspiring in their darkened berths, for the Castilian plain in summer is not for eyes accustomed to see beauty only in places where even nature puts on a sort of easy, meretricious dress and decked in pine woods, set with hills and waterfalls, seems to invite the applause of travelling photographers. Castile only reveals itself to those who know it under every aspect, windswept and drear in winter, sun-baked in summer, and at all times adust and stern, a mere wide steppe bounded by distant clearly-cut hills, from which nothing is to be expected, but strange effects of light.

On every side, right up to where it joined the distant hills, stretched the brown plain. The sun had scorched the very trunks of trees till they appeared to suffer and to be about to burst, just as they crack and suffer in a frost. The only flowers left alive were a few yellow thistles and some clumps of artemisia, which reared their heads, as it were, in defiance of the sun. Long lines of men mounted on donkeys crossed between the fields of stubble and of corn. The Castilian summer had turned them black as Arabs, and their sad, high-pitched songs, as they kept on their way indomitably in the fiery heat, seemed to complete the likeness to the men from whom they had inherited all that they knew of agriculture.

Over the steppe, the narrow line of railway formed the connecting link with the outside world, the world of newspapers, of motor-cars, of aviation and of telephones. Glistening bright in the sun, like a steel ribbon, ran the line. It passed by little tile-roofed towns, each clustering round its church, brown and remote—towns where a sandy unpaved street ran out until it lost itself in the great plain; towns only joined to one another by a narrow track meandering through the corn-fields, or the sparse round-topped pine-woods, tracks that avoided all the obstacles, passing round little, stony hills and following water-courses till they came on a shallow place to cross. Often the towns were only visible like ships hull down, the church towers seemingly hung in the air without foundations, they were so far off from the line. The train jogged on, passing by Ataquines, Palacios de Goda, Arévalo and Adanero and other little stations, where no one possibly could have got in or out since first the line was laid. It entered them and stopped under some little dust-laden acacias or China-trees, a man emerged and called the station's name, adding "a minute" or "two minutes" as the case might be, although the train was just as likely to stop ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, whilst the electric bell twittered so faintly that at times one was not sure if it was really an electric bell that sounded or only crickets in the sand chirping metallically. Sometimes a horse stood blinking in the sun, tied to a post, a gun upon the heavy old-world saddle and a brown blanket hanging from the pommel, almost to the ground; sometimes some charcoal-burners' mules stood waiting to be unloaded, and generally some ragged-looking fowls, half-buried in the sand, were squatted at the lee-side of the round, mud-topped oven, striving to dodge the heat. Occasionally a half-dressed woman peeped from a window, her blue-black hair wild as a pony's mane, holding the blind between her teeth as she looked out upon the train. Such were the stations, mere islands in a sea of brown; each one the faithful copy of the other, and every one of them cheaply constructed and sun-bleached till they had all become as much a part and parcel of the landscape as the mud houses with their red-tiled eaves.

So from one little, ill-built point of contact with the world to the next, as ill-built as the last, the train crept on, the heat increasing and the subtile air becoming more diaphanous, so that the distant mountains almost appeared to be transparent, and the dead haulms of fennel and of mullein to stand out so clearly that they looked like trees.

Herds of black cattle stood by dried-up water-holes, occasionally a bullock licked the earth where it appeared almost like china, glazed and polished as it had dried and baked, and then stamping and bellowing slowly walked back into the herd. Brown shepherds stood immovable as posts, their shadows forming a refuge for their dogs, their flocks all huddled in a ring, with their heads crouched low upon the ground, to escape their enemy, the sun. Nature stood silent in the violet haze, and as the train rattled across the ill-closed catch-points outside another little station, a porter called out in a long-drawn melody "Sanchidrian, five minutes," and the express came alongside the platform, the engine throbbing as if it were something living and glad to be at rest. A goods train standing just outside the station bore the inscription, written with a piece of chalk, "No water in Velayos," and the whole plain looked parched and suffering as if the rain of fire that fell from heaven upon it had burned into its heart. No passengers stood waiting, even the little groups of country people that generally throng Spanish stations, making the platform a public promenade, were missing, for Sanchidrian itself was distant from the line.

The weary stationmaster in his gold-laced cap and uniform frock-coat was, with the porter who had called the station's name, the only living thing except two nearly naked children, sitting by the draw-well, and a lean yellow dog. The five minutes that the train ought to have remained might just as well have been abridged to one, or, on the other hand, drawn out to twenty, and no one would have cared, had not, emerging from a cloud of dust, a rider come up to the hitching-post, dismounted hurriedly, and holding in his hand his saddle-bags, walked quickly to the open door, at which the cooks and waiters of the dining-car stood trying to catch a little air. "Friends," he said, taking off his hat and passing his brown hand across his forehead, "have you any ice?" They stared at him as he stood in his short black jacket edged with imitation astrakhan, his tight grey trousers strapped inside the leg with the same cloth from which they had been made, his black serge sash showing beneath his waistcoat with its silver buckles, and his red worsted saddle-bags, tasselled and fringed, thrown over his right shoulder and hanging down his back.

"Ice, why of course we have it," said the waiter; "who in this heat could live without it shut in the hot train?" answered the conductor, interested and glad to have the opportunity of a chance word with anyone outside his little world.

The horseman, who looked anxiously at the somnolent train out of the corner of his eye as if it were a colt that might spring forward at any minute and leave him in the lurch, began again: "You could not live without ice here in this train, you say, eh? My father cannot die without it. For days the fever has consumed him, and in the night, listening to every hour the watchman calls, he says, 'Miguel,' that is my name—Miguel Martinez, at your service—'I could die easier if I had some ice . . . a little ice to put upon my forehead and between my lips.' Ice in Sanchidrian! As well go out to gather artichokes at sea. To-day he seemed just going, and the

priest said to me, 'Miguel, saddle the Jerezano and go down and meet the train; there they have ice, for certainly those who travel by it must drink cool.' So I have come; say, can you spare me a lump of ice, for what I spoke about?"

The electric bell stopped twittering, and the porter called "Passengers aboard," but still the train stood at the platform, although the engine-driver had clambered slowly to his post. He whistled, and the couplings tightened with a jerk, just as the waiter holding a lump of ice about as big as a large loaf came to the door, wrapping it as he walked in straw. He gave it to the horseman who stood waiting in the sun. "A thousand thanks," he said. "A son thanks you in his father's name. What is the value of this piece of ice?" The man who gave it, and the little knot of cooks and waiters standing at the open door of the long dining-car as the train began to move, looked at each other, and one said, "Friend, we do not sell our ice, it is not ours to sell. Moreover, may it relieve your father." Miguel, now walking swiftly by the moving train, said: "Once again, a thousand thanks; take, then, this packet of cigars," and handed to the last man he could reach one of those bundles of ill-rolled salitrose-looking parcels of cigars sold in the estancos of small Spanish towns. The train swung on and rumbled past him, leaving him standing for a moment in the heat, waving his hand to the white-clad cooks and waiters grouped on the platform of the dining-car. Miguel stood waiting till it had cleared the station, and then, walking outside to where his horse stood waiting, unhitched him and threw the saddle-bags across the saddle, then gathering his reins in his left hand he mounted in one motion, and settling himself drew out an olive switch which he had left sticking between the pommel and his horse's back; then having felt the lump of ice with his right hand, touched his horse with the spur and set his face towards his home. Putting the butt-end of his cigarette behind his ear, Miguel struck out into the road. The thick white dust lay on the narrow track like snow, dulling the horse's footfalls and giving him the look of shuffling in his gait, although Miguel, holding his reins high and a little to the near side of the high pommel, and with his spurs dangling behind the cinch, kept him up to the full stretch of the Castilian pace.

His olive face, under his broad-brimmed, grey, felt hat with its straight brim, looked anxiously ahead, and when his little, nervous horse had got well warmed and the dried sweat melted again upon his skin, Miguel, feeling him with his legs, put him to a slow gallop, now and again putting his hand behind the saddle to feel how the precious lump of ice was standing the fierce sun.

A constant dripping through the worsted saddle-bags warned him to hurry, so he pressed on, passing long lines of mules laden with charcoal or with great nets of straw, and men on donkeys, who looked at him with wonder as he flew past them at three-quarter speed upon the road. Some of them merely said "Adios," and others shouted inquiries as to his haste, but he in every case answered with a wave of his hand and pressed his spurs into the cinch. He passed through groves of olive-trees, silvery, gnarled and secular, under whose scanty shade men sat, eating their mid-day meal, their broad-brimmed hats lying beside them on the ground, their close-shaved heads wrapped in old-fashioned, blue checked handkerchiefs, tied in a knot behind.

As he passed in a cloud of dust, pointing to their olives and their bread

and to their leathern skins of wine, they made their gesture of inviting him to eat, and he returned their courtesy by a movement of his hand, taking a pull upon his horse as the track grew steeper and stonier, as it ran through an aromatic waste of cistus and wild thyme. His heavy Arab stirrups brushed through the sticky cistus which grew on each side of the narrow, sandy path, till they became all coated with their gum and everything stuck to them as if they had been smeared with birdlime.

Butterflies hovered over the great, white flowers, and lizards ran up tree-trunks, pausing and looking round just before they disappeared from view. From the recesses of the waste came an incessant hum of insects, and now and then a flight of locusts shot across the path, and plunged into the bushes, just as a school of flying fish sink into a wave.

The hot half-hour between the bushes, struggling through the sand, had told its tale upon the gallant little horse, whose heaving flanks, distended nostrils and protruding eyes showed that he had almost had enough. When they emerged again into the plain and saw the little brown-roofed town, only a short league away, Miguel dismounted for a moment, and after slackening his cinch anxiously secured his saddle-bags, from which large drops of moisture fell upon the ground. Tightening his girth again, he mounted, and the Jerezano, who had stood head to wind, responding to the spur, struck into a short gallop, his rider holding him together and pressing him with both his legs into his bit.

They passed a threshing-floor on which a troop of mares was being driven round to thresh the corn, followed by a man seated upon some hurdles laid on a heavy stone. The floor itself was white and shiny, and seemed as hard as marble, trodden by the horses' feet. Near it some sunburned men threw grain into the air with wooden spades to winnow it, and as Miguel passed by upon the road they called out to him giving him the time of day and asking how his father was; but to them all he only waved his hand and pressed his spurs into his horse's sides, which now were red with blood.

Outside the town the track passed through the bed of a dry stream, and came out on the other bank on a paved causeway set with pebble-stones that led into the town. A heavy stumble on the stones showed him his horse was failing, and he pulled him back into a trot. Passing the straggling cottages, each with its corral for goats, he came into the little street, and as he rode by the church door he touched his hat and crossed himself as his horse slithered on the stones. Turning out of an angle of the little plaza with its stucco seats and dwarfed acacias, he came into a street in which the houses seemed of a richer sort of folk, his horse now beaten to a walk. As he neared one which had a roughly sculptured coat of arms over the doorway a sound of wailing fell upon his ears, and as he stopped and got off his horse, throwing the reins mechanically on the ground, a priest came out to meet him. "Miguel," he said, "your father, may God have pardoned him, has left this vale of tears more than an hour ago. The Lord in His great mercy, for the fever burned like fire in his veins, was pleased to make his parting easy, and for an hour before he died he murmured now and then 'How cool the ice is! It stills the throbbing of my forehead and slakes my thirst—my son Miguel rode for it to the train.'"

Miguel turned to his horse, and taking from the saddle-bags the lump of ice, now little bigger than an apple, followed the priest into the great bare

room, where on his bed his father's body lay. Round it stood weeping women, and the children in a corner of the room holding each other's hands stood gazing at the brown face that looked like walnut-wood against the linen of the bed.

Falling upon his knees, Miguel kissed the brown hands crossed on the chest, and then after a prayer he rose and put the precious lump of ice first on his father's forehead and then upon his lips. He crossed himself, and after having said some words of consolation to the women went out again to where in the hot sandy street his horse stood waiting, with his legs stretched a little forward and his head hanging to the ground. The sweat had made a little pattern in the sand as it dropped from his belly and his flanks. Miguel slowly undid the girths, and taking off the bridle led the horse into the stable, and after throwing hay upon the manger, went back into the room.

The priest was praying, and the sobbing of the women sounded like surf upon a beach, whilst from outside the crickets' chirping filled the air with its wild melody. Far to the south the Sud-Express still crept along its narrow ribbon of bright rails towards Madrid.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To their "Astor Edition" of the poets Thomas Y. Crowell Company add Oscar Wilde's Poetical Works, for which Nathan Haskell Dole furnishes a biographical and critical Introduction. This edition is attractive in appearance, convenient in size and moderate in price; and it will appeal to readers who wish to estimate the value of the literary product of a poet whose career was one long series of affectations and extravagances, ending in moral tragedy.

The Panama which furnishes the scene for Francis Raleigh's story of "Ralph Somerby at Panama" (L. C. Page & Co.) is not the Panama of today, with the great canal nearing completion, but the Panama of the late seventeenth century, and Morgan and his buccaneers figure prominently in it. The story is a spirited one, full of action, and incident, and boy readers who follow its thrilling incidents will be none the worse for imbibing a little history with their fiction. There are ten full page illustrations by H. C. Edwards and Charles Livingston Bull.

The agitation of England's two great problems, land-tenure, and the political position of women, by no means checks the perpetual struggle for wealth and its perquisites, or the English disposition to entertain on a noble scale. For these reasons, English novels are more complex than they were in the "good old" pre-Gladstonian era. Archibald Marshall's "The Honor of the Clintons" is as full of mystery and matchmaking as if Anne Radcliffe and Mrs. Gore had combined to write it. Yet the restlessness of the proletariat, and the growth of that "I'm ez good ez you be" spirit, stamped by Lowell as not democratic, are as clearly shown as they might be in a London Standard leading article. Still, the reader's sympathy remains with the gallant old Squire, ready to sacrifice everything to the family honor. How he fails in his struggle is for the reader to discover, and the

narrative is artistically managed to the end. Dodd, Mead & Company.

The collection of "Pagan Prayers" which Marah Ellis Ryan has brought together in a little volume bearing that title (A. C. McClurg & Co.) will surprise most readers who turn its pages by the wide variety of sources from which it is drawn and by a certain resemblance among the aspirations which it expresses, even when the sources are most widely separated. East and West are drawn upon,—Assyrian, Chaldean, Egyptian, Hindu, Japanese and Persian, Apache, Navajo, Mexican and Peruvian—for the thirty or forty prayers in the collection, but, whatever the deities addressed and however primitive the form there breathes through them all the sense of human need and helplessness and the realization of powers unseen. The Mexican is the richest source, no less than eight of the prayers being of Mexican origin.

If the modern Cœlebs and the modern Britomarte should read a tenth of the books annually published for their guidance, small would be the number of marriages. True, the advice is generally in favor of marriage, but its volume is so great, and its insistence so strong that human perversity would resolutely turn to the single life. Fortunately for the writers of such books, they are the delight of those to whom they are entirely unnecessary, such as husbands and wives and the clever and the wealthy who need not pause to consider the judiciousness of matrimony. Mr. Edward Sanford Martin's "Reflections of a Beginning Husband" will be widely read and quoted, and it should be, for it abounds in dry humor of the deliberate American quality, and tells a prettily sentimental story as coolly as it might record the variations of the stock-market. Mr. Martin is one of those authors whose growth in excellence is steady, and "Reflections of a Beginning Husband" is better than any of his previous books,—no slight praise to give to the author of "The Luxury of Children." Harper & Brothers.

"Happy-Go-Lucky" is the title of Ian Hay's new book, and it applies both to the manner of telling the story and to the character of its hero, a whimsical, quixotic and delightful young Englishman. Richard Mainwaring, known as the "Freak" in his schoolboy days, passes through a number of deliciously humorous experiences. We see him as both the derision and fascination of his schoolfellows, again at Oxford where he puts righteous fear into the heart of a cad, and later as an ardent young lover who is infatuated with a face seen on the top of a London bus. The winning of the maid in spite of overwhelming opposition from both families furnishes a "romping romance" with a perfect mixture of laughter and seriousness. In fact this is the sort of a book that one will pick up again and again to read some favorite chapter, and will rejoice to quote. It establishes the author still more firmly in his reputation as a rare storyteller and humorist. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A little book of quaint and curious interest and rare literary value is the collection of characteristic love and ghost stories translated from the Chinese by George Soulié and published under the title of "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures." Strange stories they certainly are, marked by delicate imagination and with a flavor of their own. The translator, who has been in the French consular service in China for ten or a dozen years, was early impressed by

the fact that the real Chinese, "once out of school," did not read the classics which have been generally regarded as representative of Chinese literature, but occupied themselves with novels and ghost stories. He has rendered twenty-five of the most characteristic of these short stories, selected from a collection of more than three hundred, written in the latter half of the 18th century. The translations are not too literal; but they reproduce admirably the spirit of the original and give the reader a new and vivid impression of the strange processes of the Chinese mind. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Jennette Lee's "The Taste of Apples" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is as sunny and wholesome a story as the present season has given us. It is a pleasing departure from the prevailing type of contemporary fiction. There is no suggestion in it, as one might infer from the title, of the tempting apples of the Garden of Eden; the apples of this story are veritable apples of a young man's boyhood, the memory of which in later life, emphasized by the presence of the sweet and motherly woman who had given them to him, helped to draw him back from dubious ways, and to make the quaint and homely figure of his adopted mother more attractive to him than all the chorus girls of London. There is a slender thread of romance in the story,—two of them, in fact; but the central figures are Anthony Wickham, maker and mender of shoes, and "Mother," his wife. When this pair are carried across the sea, on a trip planned by their prosperous son, from their New England village to the heart of London many things happen, some of them amusing, some touching, but none of them tragic. It may be that there are not, in real life, many shoemakers so wistful and subtle as Anthony, or many English lords so approachable as Lord Raleigh, but there are still, Heaven be praised! not a few women of the sweet, simple-hearted type of "Mother." This is the figure which is likely to linger longest in the memory of the reader of this altogether delighful story.

The first fall instalment of books for young people, from the press of the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., is equally divided between boys and girls. Boys will find two of their favorite authors represented: Everett T. Tomlinson in "The Boy Sailors of 1812," a spirited story of the war between England and the United States, which the average boy reader will be likely to read from cover to cover without a pause, if he can help it; and A. T. Dudley in "The Half-Miler," a story of school-boy athletics, which constitutes the ninth volume of the Phillips Exeter series. Girl readers will follow with interest the diverting and sometimes exciting experiences of two American college girls, in Gertrude Fisher Scott's story of "Jean Cabot in the British Isles;" and the story of "Betty Tucker's Ambition" by Angelina W. Wray, which tells of the literary ambitions of the oldest of the group of children described in an earlier book about "Mother Tucker's Seven," and the way in which they were realized in spite of home interruptions and responsibilities. All of the books are illustrated.

Dillon Wallace, who has already made Labrador his own as the scene of narratives of stirring adventure, selects another but not dissimilar region, the Hudson Bay territory far up toward the Arctic zone as the scene of his story of "The Wilderness Castaways" (A. C. McClurg & Co.). The heroes of the story,—the two boys who became wilderness castaways,

and suffered great perils and hardships before they found their way back to civilization, are of very different stuff, but comradeship and the joint experience of danger brought them together and strengthened the fibre of the less manly of them. The story is wholesome and stimulating, full of incident, and with that sense of reality which comes from the actual experience, in the life of the author, of vicissitudes similar to those described. Nine spirited illustrations by Henry S. Wilson add to the attractions of the book.

Mr. Henry C. Shelley's study and description of "Royal Castles of England," which L. C. Page & Co. publish in an attractive volume, with nearly fifty full-page photogravure illustrations, may be commended with equal assurance to the tourist, the fireside traveller, and the lover of romance. Travelling like a pilgrim from the south to the north of England, from Dover Castle, "the guardian of Albion's white walls," to the ruins of Norham Castle, on the Tweed, Mr. Shelley's chief quest is not of natural beauty or architectural grandeur, though these are fully described and pictured, but of the life which went on in these abodes of royalty, the part which they played in English history, the romances, the intrigues and the tragedies of which they were the scene. Mr. Shelley has an unusual charm of narrative. He has a genius for sifting out the really salient and significant from the unessential, and for weaving his material into a consistent and well-proportioned whole. Every chapter has its independent personal and historic interest, and the effect of reading them in sequence is like that of watching a vivid panorama of English history, with kings and queens, their courtiers and attendants moving before the spectator. The castles and palaces of old London are not included, but are reserved for a later volume.

Thirteen months went to the writing of Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's "All the Days of My Life," a story of shifting fortunes, shifting scenes, and of beliefs ranging from Christianity as it is taught in the churches, to spiritualism, and to metempsychosis, with tolerance for every conceivable creed lying between them. Could aught else be expected from a woman whose literary acquaintance is so varied, that letters from Stedman, most serious and fastidious of American poets, and Martin Farquhar Tupper, most prosaic of philosophizing English rhymesters, come to her by the same post. And what inconsistency could one encounter more humorous than that of the woman who sympathized with Houston and the Confederates yet speaks almost bitterly of Kruger and the Boers; is sure that she has been the subject of miracles without end, and can sometimes reason as closely as a Spencer or as any Caledonian among her ancestors? Mrs. Barr is the most independent and opinionated of special pleaders, but always follows Dr. Holmes's injunction, "Don't be consistent but be simply true." In short, she is a most womanly woman. Her wide and long experience, her extensive practice of the novelist's art, have not prevented her from being a queen of marriage, a most perfect wife, whose children and grandchildren call her blessed. To refrain from enthusiasm is not easy when such a veteran appears in the procession of authors, and the book deserves the warmest welcome. Brave and true as one of her own heroines, she has so written her autobiography that it is equally creditable to her and to her sex. Some interesting portraits add to the readers' pleasure in the ample volume. D. Appleton & Co.